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POETRY.

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AFTER THE WRECK.

WHAT of the ocean's roar?
 The sea lies smiling in the sun,
 The sparkling wavelets leap and run
 To kiss the pebbled shore;
 Where are the waves that, mountains high,
 Engulfed last night a goodly bark,
 And drew her down through waters dark,
 Beneath a sullen sky?

How soft the west wind blows!
 We, sitting, watch another ship,
 Whose sails, wide-spreading, seem to dip
 And curtsy as she goes;
 And sailing outward from our sight,
 How strong she looks, how trim and gay!
 How safe the water seems to-day,
 For all the wreck last night!

Here, by the dawn tide tost,
 Already doth the driftwood lie;
 Already fades some mother's eye,
 With anguish for the lost.
 Yet earth rejoices and is gay,
 And yet though toils the village bell
 For strangers dead a deathly knell,
 The sea looks safe to-day.

Give me thy little hand,
 Rise up, dear heart, and let us go
 Through some green lane where May flowers
 blow,
 And sweeten all the land;
 Come, let us wander out of sight
 Of this fair-seeming, treacherous sea,
 That speaks of wreck to thee and me,
 For all to-day's delight.

It smiles beneath the sky,
 As though its foamy, dimpling waves
 Danced o'er delightful bowers, not graves
 Where dead men's bones do lie;
 It looks as life looked, dear, to us,
 In that glad morning of our days;
 When we went forth in sunny ways
 The world was smiling thus.

Ah, love! we suffered wreck;
 What angry winds and waters dark
 Blew over and engulfed our bark,
 And swept us from her deck!
 There was no life-boat to put out,
 No spar to cling to, no frail raft
 As refuge from our drowning craft,
 By storm-winds dashed about.

No harbor from the storm,
 No friendly hands stretched out to lift
 Our drowning fortunes from the drift,
 To shelter safe and warm;
 The world forsook us, love; our cries
 Died on the wind of sordid strife,
 And we looked helpless, husband, wife,
 Into each other's eyes.

Then from despair was born
 A fonder love, a deeper trust,
 A treasure safe from moth and rust,
 A scorn of the world's scorn;

I lost my gold in port and mart,
 I lost my heritage of land;
 I found a treasure in thy hand,
 And love's gold in thine heart.

Lean closer, closer, dear,
 Now let the tears drop if they will,
 The sun behind is shining still,
 We bid a truce to fear;
 The night of wreck is overpast,
 And though we trust life's sea no more,
 We watch the vessels from the shore,
 Together to the last.

We have no argosies,
 No stately ships to come and go,
 From lands of sun to lands of snow,
 No chance of worldly prize;
 But I have thee, beneath the sun
 Of all God's creatures dearest—dear,
 And thou, love, hast thy refuge here,
 Till all our days be done!

All The Year Round.

ROMANCE.

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
 A grey tower in a forest green
 Was hers, and far on either hand
 The long wash of the waves was seen,
 And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,
 And woven forest boughs between.

And through the silver Northern night
 The sunset slowly died away,
 And herds of strange deer, lily-white,
 Stole forth among the branches grey;
 About the coming of the light
 They fled like ghosts before the day!

I know not if the forest green
 Still girdles round that castle grey;
 I know not if the boughs between
 The white deer vanish ere the day;
 Above my love the grass is green,
 My heart is colder than the clay!

ANDREW LANG.

A SONG OF BATTLE.

LOVE with its sorrows and love with its joys,
 Love is for delicate maidens and boys,
 Love is for women and love is for men;
 When love is over, what rests to us then?
 The joy of the battle.

There's a time to make love, there's a time to
 make war;
 When love is hopeless, 'tis better by far
 To put love aside with a sigh and a laugh,
 To gird on the sword, and a bumper to quaff
 To the joy of the battle.

Temple Bar.

W. H. POLLOCK.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE POETRY OF TENNYSON.

IT is perhaps difficult for men of middle age to estimate Tennyson aright. For we who love poetry were brought up, as it were, at his feet, and he cast the magic of his fascination over our youth. We have gone away, we have travelled in other lands, absorbed in other preoccupations, often revolving problems different from those concerning which we took counsel with him; and we hear new voices, claiming authority, who aver that our old master has been superseded, that he has no message for a new generation, that his voice is no longer a talisman of power. Then we return to the country of our early love, and what shall our report be? Each one must answer for himself; but my report will be entirely loyal to those early and dear impressions. I am of those who believe that Tennyson has still a message for the world. Men become impatient with hearing Aristides so often called just, but is that the fault of Aristides? They are impatient also with a reputation, which necessarily is what all great reputations must so largely be—the empty echo of living voices from blank walls. “Now again”—not the people, but certain critics—“call it but a weed.” Yet how strange these fashions in poetry are! I will remember Lord Broughton, Byron’s friend, expressing to me, when I was a boy, his astonishment that the bust of Tennyson by Woolner should have been thought worthy of a place near that of Lord Byron in Trinity College, Cambridge. “Lord Byron was a great poet; but Mr. Tennyson, though he had written pretty verses,” and so on. For one thing, the men of that generation deemed Tennyson terribly obscure. “In Memoriam,” it was held, nobody could possibly understand. The poet, being original, had to make his own public. Men nurtured on Scott and Byron could not understand him. Now we hear no more of his obscurity. Moreover, he spoke as the mouthpiece of his own time. Doubts, aspirations, visions unfamiliar to the aging, breathed melodiously through him. Again, how contemptuously do Broad Church psychologists like George Macdonald, and writers

for the *Spectator*, as well as literary persons belonging to what I may term the *finikin* school, on the other hand, now talk of our equally great poet Byron. How detestable must the north be, if the south be so admirable! But while Tennyson spoke to me in youth, Byron spoke to me in boyhood, and I still love both.

Whatever may have to be discounted from the popularity of Tennyson on account of fashion and a well-known name, or on account of his harmony with the (more or less provincial) ideas of the large majority of Englishmen, his popularity is a fact of real benefit to the public, and highly creditable to them at the same time. The establishment of his name in popular favor is but very partially accounted for by the circumstance that, when he won his spurs, he was among younger singers the only serious champion in the field, since, if I mistake not, he was at one time a less “popular” poet than Mr. Robert Montgomery. *Vox populi* is not always *vox Dei*, but it may be so accidentally, and then the people reap benefit from their happy blunder. The great poet who won the laurel before Tennyson has never been “popular” at all, and Tennyson is the only true English poet who has pleased the “public” since Byron, Walter Scott, Tom Moore, and Mrs. Hemans. But he had to conquer their suffrages, for his utterance, whatever he may have owed to Keats, was original, and his substance the outcome of an opulent and profound personality. These were serious obstacles to success, for he neither went “deep” into “the general heart” like Burns, nor appealed to superficial sentiments in easy language like Scott, Moore, and Byron. In his earliest volume indeed there was a preponderance of manner over matter; it was characterized by a certain dainty prettiness of style, that scarcely gave promise of the high spiritual vision and rich complexity of human insight to which he has since attained, though it did manifest a delicate feeling for nature in association with human moods, an extraordinarily subtle sensibility of all senses, and a luscious pictorial power. Not “Endymion” had been more luxuriant. All was steeped in golden languors. There were faults in

plenty, and of course the critics, faithful to the instincts of their kind, were jubilant to nose them. To adapt Coleridge's funny verses, not "the Church of St. Geryon," nor the legendary Rhine, but the "stinks and stench" of Kôlntown do such off-feeding love to enumerate, and distinguish. But the poet in his verses on "Musty Christopher" gave one of these people a Roland for his Oliver. Stuart Mill, as Mr. Mathews, in his lately published and very instructive lecture on Tennyson, points out, was the one critic in a million who remembered Pope's precept, —

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost who waits till all commend.

Yet it is only natural that the mediocrities, who for a moment keep the door of Fame, should scrutinize with somewhat jaundiced eye the credentials of new aspirants, since every entry adds fresh bitterness to their own exclusion.

But really it is well for us, the poet's elect lovers, to remember that he once had faults, however few he may now retain; for the perverse generation who dance not when the poet pipes to them, nor mourn when he weeps, have turned upon Tennyson with the cry that he "is all fault who has no fault at all" — they would have us regard him as a kind of Andrea del Sarto, a "blameless" artistic "monster," a poet of unimpeachable technical skill, but keeping a certain dead level of moderate merit. It is as well to be reminded that this at all events is false. The dawn of his young art was beautiful; but the artist had all the generous faults of youthful genius — excess, vision confused with gorgeous color and predominant sense, too palpable artifice of diction, indistinctness of articulation in the outline, intricately woven cross-lights flooding the canvas, defect of living interest; while Coleridge said that he began to write poetry without an ear for metre. Neither Adeline, Madeline, nor Eleanore are living portraits, though Eleanore is gorgeously painted. The "Ode to Memory" has isolated images of rare beauty, but it is kaleidoscopic in effect; the fancy is playing with loose foam-wreaths, rather than the imagination "taking things by the heart." But our great poet has gone beyond these. He has

himself rejected twenty-six out of the fifty-eight poems published in his first volume; while some of those even in the second have been altogether rewritten. Such defects are eminently present in the lately republished poem written in youth, "The Lover's Tale," though this too has been altered. As a storehouse of fine imagery, metaphor, and deftly moulded phrase, of blank verse also whose sonorous rhythm must surely be a fabric of adult architecture, the piece can hardly be surpassed; but the tale as tale lingers and lapses, overweighted with the too gorgeous trappings under which it so laboriously moves. And such expression as the following, though not un-Shakespearian, is hardly quarried from the soundest material in Shakespeare — for, after all, Shakespeare was a euphuist now and then: —

Why fed we from one fountain? drew one sun?
Why were our mothers branches of one stem,
if that same nearness

Were father to this distance, and that *one*
Vaunt courier to this *double*, if affection
Living slew love, and sympathy hewed out
The bosom-sepulchre of sympathy?

Yet "Mariana" had the virtue, which the poet has displayed so pre-eminently since, of concentration. Every subtle touch enhances the effect he intends to produce, that of the desolation of the deserted woman, whose hope is nearly extinguished; nature hammering a fresh nail into her coffin with every innocent aspect or movement. Beautiful too are "Love and Death" and "The Poet's Mind;" while in "The Poet" we have the oft-quoted line, —

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,
The love of love.

Mr. G. Brimley was the first, I believe, to point out the distinctive peculiarity of Lord Tennyson's treatment of landscape. It is treated by him dramatically; that is to say, the details of it are selected so as to be interpretative of the particular mood or emotion he wishes to represent. Thus in the two Marianas, they are painted with the minute distinctness appropriate to the morbid and sickening observation of the lonely woman, whose attention is distracted by no cares, pleasures, or sat-

isfied affections. That is a pregnant remark, a key to unlock a good deal of Tennyson's work with. Byron and Shelley, though they are carried out of themselves in contemplating nature, do not, I think, often take her as interpreter of moods alien to their own. In Wordsworth's "Excursion," it is true, Margaret's lonely grief is thus delineated through the neglect of her garden and the surroundings of her cottage; yet this is not so characteristic a note of his nature-poetry. In "The Miller's Daughter" and "The Gardener's Daughter" the lovers would be little indeed without the associated scene so germane to the incidents narrated, both as congenial setting of the picture for a spectator, and as vitally fused with the emotion of the lovers; while never was more lovely landscape-painting of the gentle order than in "The Gardener's Daughter." Lessing, who says that poetry ought never to be pictorial, would, I suppose, much object to Tennyson's; but to me, I confess, this mellow, lucid, luminous word-painting of his is entirely delightful. It refutes the criticism that words cannot convey a picture by perfectly conveying it. *Solvitur ambulando*; the Gardener's Daughter standing by her rose-bush, "a sight to make an old man young," remaining in our vision to confound all crabbed pedants with pet theories.

In his second volume, indeed, the poet's art was well mastered, for here we find the "Lotos-Eaters," "Ænone," "The Palace of Art," "A Dream of Fair Women," the tender "May-Queen," and "The Lady of Shalott." Perhaps the first four of these are among the very finest works of Tennyson. In the mouth of the love-lorn nymph Ænone he places the complaint concerning Paris into which there enters so much delightful picture of the scenery around Mount Ida, and of those fair immortals who came to be judged by the beardless apple-arbiter. How deliciously flows the verse! — though probably it flows still more entrancingly in the "Lotos Eaters," wandering there like clouds of fragrant incense, or some slow, heavy honey, or a rare amber unguent poured out. How wonderfully harmonious

with the dream-mood of the dreamers are phrase, image, and measure! But we need not quote the lovely choric song wherein occur the lines, —

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,

so entirely restful and happy in their simplicity. If art would always blossom so, she might be forgiven if she blossomed only for her own sake; yet this controversy regarding *art for art* need hardly have arisen, since art may certainly bloom for her own sake, if only she consent to assimilate in her blooming, and so exhale for her votaries, in due proportion, all elements essential to nature, and humanity; for in the highest artist all faculties are transfigured into one supreme organ; while among forms her form is the most consummate, among fruits her fruit offers the most satisfying refreshment. What a delicately true picture have we here —

And like a downward smoke, the slender
stream
Along the cliff to fall, and pause and fall did
seem,

where we feel also the poet's remarkable faculty of making word and rhythm an echo and auxiliary of the sense. Not only have we the three cæsuras respectively after "fall," and "pause" and "fall," but the length and soft amplitude of the vowel sounds with liquid consonants aid in the realization of the picture, reminding of Milton's beautiful

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day.

The same faculty is notable in the rippling lilt of the charming little "Brook" song, and indeed everywhere. In the "Dream of Fair Women" we have a series of cabinet portraits, presenting a situation of human interest with a few animating touches, but still chiefly through suggestive surroundings. There occurs the magnificent phrase of Cleopatra, —

We drank the Lybian sus to sleep, and lit
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus.

The force of expression could be carried

no further than throughout this poem, and by "expression" of course I do not mean pretty words, or power-words for their own sweet sake, for these, expressing nothing, whatever else they may be, are not "expression;" but I mean the forcible or felicitous presentment of thought, image, feeling, or incident, through pregnant and beautiful language in harmony with them; though the subtle and indirect suggestion of language is unquestionably an element to be taken into account by poetry. "The Palace of Art" is perhaps equal to the former poem for lucid splendor of description, in this instance pointing a moral, allegorizing a truth. Scornful pride, intellectual arrogance, selfish absorption in æsthetic enjoyment, is imaged forth in this vision of the queen's world-reflecting palace, and its various treasures — the end being a sense of unendurable isolation, engendering madness, but at last repentance, and reconciliation with the scouted commonalty of mankind.

The dominant note of Tennyson's poetry is assuredly the delineation of human moods modulated by nature, and through a system of nature-symbolism. Thus, in "Elaine," when Lancelot has sent a courtier to the queen, asking her to grant him audience, that he may present the diamonds won for her in tourney, she receives the messenger with unmoved dignity; but he, bending low and reverently before her, saw "with a sidelong eye"

The shadow of some piece of pointed lace
In the queen's shadow vibrate on the walls,
And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

The "Morte d'Arthur" affords a striking instance of this peculiarly Tennysonian method. That is another of the very finest pieces. Such poetry may suggest labor, but not more than does the poetry of Virgil or Milton. Every word is the right word, and each in the right place. Sir H. Taylor indeed warns poets against "wanting to make every word beautiful." And yet here it must be owned that the result of such an effort is successful, so delicate has become the artistic tact of this poet in his maturity.* For good expression being the happy adaptation of language to meaning, it follows that sometimes good expression will be perfectly

* But the loveliest lyrics of Tennyson do not suggest labor. I do not say that, like Beethoven's music, or Heine's songs, they may not be the result of it. But they, like all supreme artistic work, "conceal," not obtrude art; if they are not spontaneous, they produce the effect of spontaneity, not artifice. They impress the reader also with the power, for which no technical skill can be a substitute, of sincere feeling, and profound realization of their subject-matter.

simple, even ordinary in character, and sometimes it will be ornate, elaborate, dignified. He who can thus vary his language is the best verbal artist, and Tennyson can thus vary it. In this poem, the "Morte d'Arthur," too, we have "deep-chested music." Except in some of Wordsworth and Shelley, or in the magnificent "Hyperion" of Keats, we have had no such stately, sonorous organ-music in English verse since Milton as in this poem, or in "Tithonus," "Ulysses," "Lucretius," and "Guinevere." From the majestic overture, —

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea,

onward to the end, the same high elevation is maintained.

But this very picturesqueness of treatment has been urged against Tennyson as a fault in his narrative pieces generally, from its alleged over-luxuriance, and tendency to absorb, rather than enhance, the higher human interest of character and action. However this be (and I think it is an objection that does apply, for instance, to "The Princess"), here in this poem picturesqueness must be counted as a merit, because congenial to the semi-mythical, ideal, and parabolic nature of Arthurian legend, full of portent and supernatural suggestion. Such Ossianic hero-forms are nearly as much akin to the elements as to man. And the same answer holds largely in the case of the other Arthurian idylls. It has been noted how well-chosen is the epithet "water" applied to a lake in the lines, —

On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Why is this so happy? For as a rule the concrete rather than the abstract is poetical, because the former brings with it an image, and the former involves no vision. But now in the night all Sir Bedevere could observe, or care to observe, was that there was "some great water." We do not — he did not — want to know exactly what it was. Other thoughts, other cares, preoccupy him and us. Again, of dying Arthur we are told that "all his greaves and caisses were dashed with drops of onset." "Onset" is a very generic term, poetic because removed from all vulgar associations of common parlance, and vaguely suggestive not only of war's pomp and circumstance, but of high deeds also, and heroic hearts, since onset belongs to mettle and daring; the word for vast and shadowy connotation is akin to Milton's

grand abstraction, "Far off *his coming* shone," or Shelley's, "Where the Earthquake Demon taught her young *Ruin*."

It has been noted also how cunningly Tennyson can gild and furbish up the most commonplace detail—as when he calls Arthur's moustache "the knightly growth that fringed his lips," or condescends to glorify a pigeon-pie, or paints the clown's astonishment by this detail,—

The brawny spearman, let his cheek
Bulge with the unswallowed piece, and turn-
ing stared;

or thus characterizes a pun, "and took the word, and play'd upon it, and made it of two colors." This kind of ingenuity, indeed, belongs rather to talent than to genius; it is exercised in cold blood; but talent may be a valuable auxiliary of genius, perfecting skill in the technical departments of art. Yet such a gift is not without danger to the possessor. It may tempt him to make his work too much like a delicate mosaic of costly stone, too hard and unblended, from excessive elaboration of detail. One may even prefer to art thus highly wrought a more glowing and careless strain, that lifts us off our feet, and carries us away as on a more rapid, if more turbid torrent of inspiration, such as we find in Byron, Shelley, or Victor Hugo. Here you are compelled to pause at every step, and admire the design of the costly tessellated pavement under your feet. Perhaps there is a jewelled glitter, a pre-Raphaelite or Japanese minuteness of finish here and there in Tennyson, that takes away from the feeling of aerial perspective and remote distance, leaving little to the imagination; not suggesting and whetting the appetite, but rather satiating it: his loving observation of minute particulars is so faithful, his knowledge of what others, even men of science, have observed so accurate, his fancy so nimble in the selection of similitudes. But every master has his own manner, and his reverent disciples would be sorry if he could be without it. We love the little idiosyncrasies of our friends.

I have said the objection in question does seem to lie against "The Princess." It contains some of the most beautiful poetic pearls the poet has ever dropped; but the manner appears rather disproportionate to the matter, at least to the subject as he has chosen to regard it. For it is regarded by him only semi-seriously; so lightly and sportively is the whole topic viewed at the outset, that the effect is almost that of burlesque; yet there is a

very serious conclusion, and a very weighty moral is drawn from the story, the workmanship being labored to a degree, and almost encumbered with ornamentation. But the poet himself admits the ingrained incongruity of the poem. The fine comparison of the princess Ida in the battle to a beacon glaring ruin over raging seas, for instance, seems too grand for the occasion. How differently, and in what burning earnest has a great poet-woman, Mrs. Browning, treated this grave modern question of the civil and political position of women in "Aurora Leigh"! Tennyson's is essentially a man's view, and the frequent talk about women's beauty must be very aggravating to the "blues." It is this poem especially that gives people with a limited knowledge of Tennyson the idea of a "pretty" poet; the prettiness, though very genuine, seems to play too patronizingly with a momentous theme. The princess herself, and the other figures are indeed dramatically realized, but the splendor of invention, and the dainty detail, rather dazzle the eye away from their humanity. Here, however, are some of the loveliest songs that this poet, one of our supreme lyrists, ever sung: "Tears, idle tears!" "The splendor falls," "Sweet and low," "Home they brought," "Ask me no more," and the exquisite melody, "For Love is of the valley." Moreover, the grand lines toward the close are full of wisdom:—

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain, etc.

I feel myself a somewhat similar incongruity in the poet's treatment of his more homely, modern, half-humorous themes, such as the introduction to the "Morte d'Arthur," and "Will Waterproof;" not at all in the humorous poems, like the "Northern Farmer," which are all of a piece, and perfect in their own vein. In this introduction we have,—

The host and I sat round the wassail bowl,
Then half-way ebbed;

but this metaphorical style is not (fortunately) sustained, and so, as good luck would have it, a metaphor not being ready to hand, we have the homelier and homelier line,—

Till I, tired out
With cutting eights that day upon the pond;

yet this homespun hardly agrees with the above stage-king's costume. And so again I often venture to wish that the poet-laureate would not say "flowed"

when he only means "said." Still, this may be hypercriticism. For I did not personally agree with the critic who objected to Enoch Arden's fish-basket being called "ocean-smelling osier." There is no doubt, however, that "Stokes, and Nokes, and Vokes" have exaggerated the poet's manner, till the "murex fished up" by Keats and Tennyson has become one universal flare of purple. Beautiful as some of Mr. Rossetti's work is, his expression in the sonnets surely became obscure from over-involution, and excessive *floriture* of diction. But then Rossetti's style is no doubt formed considerably upon that of the Italian poets. One is glad, however, that this time, at all events, the right man has "got the porridge."

In connection with "Morte d'Arthur," I may draw attention again to Lord Tennyson's singular skill in producing a rhythmical response to the sense.

The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in
an arch, —

here the anapest instead of the iambic in the last place happily imitates the sword Excalibur's own gyration in the air. Then what admirable wisdom does the legend, opening out into parable, disclose toward the end! When Sir Bedevere laments the passing away of the Round Table, and Arthur's noble peerage, gone down in doubt, distrust, treachery, and blood, after that last great battle in the west, when, amid the death-white mist, "confusion fell even upon Arthur," and "friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew," how grandly comes the answer of Arthur from the mystic barge, that bears him from the visible world to "some far island valley of Avilion"! —

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the
world.

The new commencement of this poem, called in the idyls "The Passing of Arthur," is well worthy of the conclusion. How weirdly expressive is that last battle in the mist of those hours of spiritual perplexity, which overcloud even strongest natures and firmest faith, overshadowing whole communities, when we know not friend from foe, the holiest hope seems doomed to disappointment, all the great aim and work of life have failed; even loyalty to the highest is no more; the fair polity built laboriously by some godlike

spirit dissolves, and "all his realm reels back into the beast;" while men "falling down in death" look up to heaven only to find cloud, and the great-voiced ocean, as it were destiny without love and without mind, with voice of days of old and days to be, shakes the world, wastes the narrow kingdom, yea, beats upon the faces of our dead! The world-sorrow pierces here through the strain of a poet usually calm and contented. Yet "Arthur shall come again, aye, twice as fair;" for the spirit of man is young immortally.

Who, moreover, has moulded for us phrases of more transcendent dignity, of more felicitous grace and import, phrases, epithets, and lines that have already become memorable household words? More magnificent expression I cannot conceive than that of such poems as "Lucretius," "Tithonus," "Ulysses." These all for versification, language, luminous picture, harmony of structure, have never been surpassed. What pregnant brevity, weight, and majesty of expression in the lines where Lucretius characterizes the death of his namesake Lucretia, ending, —

And from it sprang the commonwealth, which
breaks
As I am breaking now!

What masterly power in poetically embodying a materialistic philosophy congenial to modern science, yet in absolute dramatic keeping with the actual thought of the Roman poet! And at the same time, what tremendous grasp of the terrible conflict of passion with reason, two natures in one significant for all epochs! In "Tithonus" and "Ulysses" we find embodiments in high-born verse and illustrious phrase of ideal moods, adventurous, peril-affronting enterprise contemptuously tolerant of tame household virtues in "Ulysses," and the bane of a burdensome immortality, become incapable even of love, in "Tithonus." Any personification more exquisite than that of Aurora in the latter were inconceivable.

M. Taine, in his "*Littérature Anglaise*," represents Tennyson as an idyllic poet (a charming one), comfortably settled among his rhododendrons on an English lawn, and viewing the world through the somewhat insular medium of a prosperous, domestic, and virtuous member of the English comfortable classes, as also of a man of letters who has fully succeeded. Again, either M. Taine, M. Scherer, or some other writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, pictures him, like his own Lady of Shalott, viewing life not as it really is, but

reflected in the magic mirror of his own recluse fantasy. Now, whatever measure of truth there may formerly have been in such conceptions, they have assuredly now proved quite one-sided and inadequate. We have only to remember "Maud," the stormier poems of the "Idylls," "Lucretius," "Rizpah," "The Vision of Sin." The recent poem "Rizpah" perhaps marks the high-water mark of the laureate's genius, and proves henceforward beyond all dispute his wide range, his command over the deeper-toned and stormier themes of human music, as well as over the gentler and more serene. It proves also that the venerable master's hand has not lost its cunning, rather that he has been even growing until now, having become more profoundly sympathetic with the world of action, and the common growth of human sorrows. "Rizpah" is certainly one of the strongest, most intensely felt, and graphically realized dramatic poems in the language; its pathos is almost overwhelming. There is nothing more tragic in *Oedipus*, *Antigone*, or *Lear*. And what a strong Saxon homespun language has the veteran poet found for these terrible lamentations of half-demented agony, —

My Baby! the bones that had sucked me, the
bones that had laughed and had cried,
Theirs! O no! They are mine, not theirs —
they had moved in my side.

Then the heart-gripping phrase breaking forth ever and anon in the imaginative metaphorical utterance of wild emotion, to which the sons and daughters of the people are often moved, eloquent beyond all eloquence, white-hot from the heart! —

Dust to dust low down! let us hide! but they
set him so high,
That all the ships of the world could stare at
him passing by.

In this last book of ballads the style bears the same relation to the earlier and daintier that the style of "Samson Agonistes" bears to that of "Comus." "The Revenge" is equally masculine, simple, and sinewy in appropriate strength of expression, a most spirited rendering of a heroic naval action — worthy of a place, as is also the grand ode on the death of Wellington, beside the war odes of Campbell, the "Agincourt" of Drayton, and the "Rule Britannia" of Thomson. The irregular metre of the "Ballad of the Fleet" is most remarkable as a vehicle of the sense, resonant with din of battle, full-voiced with rising and bursting storm toward the close, like the equally spirited concluding scenes of "Harold," that

depict the battle of Senlac. The dramatic characterizations in "Harold" and "Queen Mary" are excellent — Mary, Harold, the Conqueror, the Confessor, Pole, Edith, Stigand, and other subordinate sketches, being striking and successful portraits; while "Harold" is full also of incident and action — a really memorable modern play; but the main motive of "Queen Mary" fails in tragic dignity and interest, though there is about it a certain grim, subdued pathos, as of still life, and there are some notable scenes. Tennyson is admirably dramatic in the portrayal of individual moods, of men or women in certain given situations. His plays are fine, and of real historic interest, but not nearly so remarkable as the dramatic poems I have named, as the earlier "St. Simeon Stylites," "Ulysses," "Tithonus," or as the "Northern Farmer," "Cobblers," and "Village Wife," among his later works. These last are perfectly marvellous in their fidelity and humorous photographic realism. That the poet of "Enone," "The Lotus-Eaters," and the Arthur cycle should have done these also is wonderful. The humor of them is delightful, and the rough, homely diction perfect. One wishes indeed that the "dramatic fragments" collected by Lamb, like gold-dust out of the rather dreary sand-expanse of Elizabethan playwrights, were so little fragmentary as these. Tennyson's short, dramatic poems are quintessential; in a brief glimpse he contrives to reveal the whole man or woman. You would know the old "Northern Farmer," with his reproach to "God Amoighty" for not "letting him aloan," and the odious farmer of the new style, with his "Proputty! proputty!" wherever you met them. But "Dora," "The Grandmother," "Lady Clare," "Edward Gray," "Lord of Burleigh," had long since proved that Tennyson had more than one style at command; that he was master not only of a flamboyant, a Corinthian, but also of a sweet, simple, limpid English, worthy of Goldsmith or Cowper at their best.

Reverting, however, to the question of Tennyson's ability to fathom the darker recesses of our nature, what shall be said of "The Vision of Sin"? For myself I can only avow that, whenever I read it, I feel as if some horrible grey fungus of the grave were growing over my heart, and over all the world around me. As for passion, I know few more profoundly passionate poems than "Love and Duty." It paints with glowing, concentrated power the conflict of duty with yearning, pas-

sionate love, stronger than death. "The Sisters," and "Fatima," too, are fiercely passionate, as also is "Maud." I should be surprised to hear that a lover could read "Maud," and not feel the spring and mid-noon of passionate affection in it to the very core of him, so profoundly felt and gloriously expressed is it by the poet. Much of its power, again, is derived from that peculiarly Tennysonian ability to make nature herself reflect, redouble, and interpret the human feeling. That is the power also of such supreme lyrics as "Break, break!" and "In the Valley of Caunteretz;" of such chaste and consummate rendering of a noble woman's self-sacrifice as "Godiva," wherein "shameless gargoyles" stare, but "the still air scarcely breathes for fear;" and likewise of "Come into the garden, Maud," an invocation that palpitates with rapture of young love, in which the sweet choir of flowers bear their part, and sing antiphony. The same feeling pervades the delicious passage commencing, "Is that enchanted moon?" and "Go not, happy day." All this may be what Mr. Ruskin condemns as "pathetic" fallacy, but it is inevitable and right. For "in our life doth nature live, ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud." The same divine spirit pervades man and nature; she, like ourselves, has her transient moods, as well as her tranquil, immovable deeps. In her, too, is a passing as well as an eternal, while we apprehend either according to our own capacity, together with the emotional bias that dominates us at the moment. The vital and permanent in us holds the vital and permanent in her, while the temporary in us mirrors the transitory in her. I cannot think indeed that the more troubled and jarring moods of disharmony and fury are touched with quite the same degree of mastery in "Maud" as are the sunnier and happier. Tennyson hitherto had basked by preference in the brighter regions of his art, and the turbid, Byronic vein appeared rather unexpectedly in him. The tame, sleek, daintily feeding *gourmets* of criticism yelped indeed their displeasure at these "hysterics," as they termed the *Sturm und Drang* elements that appeared in "Maud," especially since the poet dared appropriately to body these forth in somewhat harsh, abrupt language, and irregular metres. Such elements, in truth, hardly seemed so congenial to him as to Byron or Hugo. Yet they were welcome, as proving that our chief poet was not altogether irresponsible to the

terrible social problems around him, to the corruptions and ever-festering vices of the body politic, to the doubt, denial, and grim symptoms of upheaval at his very doors. For on the whole some of us had felt that the poet-laureate was almost too well contented with the general framework of things, with the prescriptive rights of long-unchallenged rule, and hoar comfortable custom, especially in England, as though these were in very deed divine, and no subterranean thunder were ever heard, even in this favored isle, threatening Church and State, and the very fabric of society. But the temper of his class and time spoke through him. Did not all men rejoice greatly when Prince Albert opened the Exhibition of 1851; when Cobden and the Manchester school won the battle of free trade; when steam-engines and the electric telegraph were invented; when Wordsworth's "glorious time" came, and the revised code passed into law; when science first told her enchanting fairy tales? Yet the millennium tarries, and there is an exceeding "bitter cry."

But in "Maud," as indeed before in that fine, sonorous chaunt, "Locksley Hall," and later in "Aylmer's Field," the poet's emphasis of appreciation is certainly reserved for the heroes, men who have inherited a strain of gloom, or ancestral disharmony moral and physical, within whom the morbid social humors break forth inevitably into plague-spots; the injustice and irony of circumstance lash them into revolt, wrath, and madness. Mr. R. H. Hutton, a critic who often writes with ability, but who seems to find a little difficulty in stepping outside the circle of his perhaps rather rigid mis-conceptions and predilections, makes the surely somewhat strange remark that "'Maud' was written to reprobate hysterics." But I fear—nay, I hope and believe—that we cannot credit the poet with any such virtuous or didactic intention in the present instance, though of course the pregnant lines beginning "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," the royal verses, the recent play so forcibly objected to by Lord Queensberry, together with various allusions to the "red fool-fury of the Seine," and "blind hysterics of the Celt," do indicate a very conservative and law-abiding attitude. But other lines prove that after all what he mostly deprecates is "the falsehood of extremes," the blind and hasty plunge into measures of mere destruction; for he praises the statesmen who "take occasion by the hand," and

make "the bounds of freedom wider yet," and even gracefully anticipates "the golden year."

The same principle on which I have throughout insisted as the key to most of Tennyson's best poetry is the key also to the moving tale "Enoch Arden," where the tropical island around the solitary shipwrecked mariner is gorgeously depicted, the picture being as full-Venetian, and resplendent in color, as those of "The Day-Dream" and "Arabian Nights." But the conclusion of the tale is profoundly moving and pathetic, and relates a noble act of self-renouncement. Parts of "Aylmer's Field," too, are powerful.

And now we come to the "Idylls," around which no little critical controversy has raged. It has been charged against them that they are more picturesque, scenic, and daintily wrought than human in their interest. But though assuredly the poet's love for the picturesque is in this noble epic—for epic the Idylls in their completed state may be accounted—amply indulged, I think it is seldom to the detriment of the human interest, and the remark I made about one of them, the "Morte d'Arthur," really applies to all. The Arthur cycle is not historical, as "Harold" or "Queen Mary" is, where the style is often simple almost to baldness; the whole of it belongs to the reign of myth, legend, fairy story, and parable. Ornament, image, and picture are as much appropriate here as in Spenser's "Faerie Queene," of which indeed Tennyson's poem often reminds me. But "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream," are a new revelation, made peculiarly in modern poetry, of true spiritual insight. And this not only throws fresh illuminating light into nature, but deepens also and enlarges our comprehension of man. If nature be known for a symbol and embodiment of the soul's life, by means of their analogies in nature the human heart and mind may be more profoundly understood; while human emotions win a double clearness, or an added sorrow, from their fellowship and association with outward scenes. Nature can only be fathomed through her consanguinity with our own desires, aspirations, and fears, while these again become defined and articulate by means of her related appearances. A poet, then, who is sensitive to such analogies confers a twofold benefit upon us.

I cannot at all assent to the criticism passed upon the Idylls by Mr. John Mor-

ley, who has indeed, as it appears to me, somewhat imperilled his critical reputation by the observation that they are "such little pictures as might adorn a lady's school." When we think of "Guinevere," "Vivien," "The Holy Grail," "The Passing of Arthur," this dictum seems to lack point and penetration. Indeed, had it proceeded only from some rhyming criticaster, alternating with the feeble puncture of his sting the worrying iteration of his own doleful drone, it might have been passed over as simply an impertinence.* But while the poem is in part purely a fairy romance tinged with humanity, Tennyson has certainly intended to treat the subject in part also as a grave spiritual parable. Arthur, Guinevere, Lancelot, Elaine, Galahad, Vivien, are types, gracious or hateful. My own feeling, therefore, would rather be that there is too much human nature in the Idylls, than that there is too little; or at any rate that, while Arthur remains a mighty shadow, whose coming and going are attended with supernatural portents, a worthy symbol of the spirit of divine humanity, Vivien, for instance, is a too real and unlovely harlot, too gross and veritably breathing, to be in proportionate harmony with the general design. Lancelot and Guinevere, again, being far fuller of life and color than Arthur, the situation between these three, as invented, or at least as recast from the old legends in his own fashion by the poet, does not seem artistically felicitous, if regarded as a representation of an actual occurrence in human life. But so vivid and human are many of the stories that we can hardly fail so to regard them. And if the common facts of life are made the vehicle of a parable, they must not be distorted. It is chiefly, I think, because Arthur and Merlin are only seen, as it were, through the luminous haze appropriate to romance and myth, that the main motive of the epic, the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, appears scarcely strong enough to bear the weight of momentous consequence imposed on it, which is no less than the retributive ruin of Arthur's commonwealth. Now, if art elects to appeal to ethical instinct, as great, human, undegraded art continually must, she is even more bound, in pursuance of her own proper end, to satisfy the demand for moral beauty, than

* Mr. Alfred Austin, himself a true poet and critic, has long ago repented of his juvenile escapade in criticism, and made ample amends to the poet-laureate in a very able article published not long since in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

to gratify the taste for beauty intellectual or æsthetic. And of course, while you might flatter a poetaster, you would only insult a poet by refusing to consider what he says, and only professing a concern for how he says it. Therefore if the poet choose to lay all the blame of the dissolution and failure of Arthur's polity upon the illicit loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, it seems to me that he committed a serious error in his invention of the early circumstances of their meeting; nothing of the kind being discoverable either in Mallory, or the old chronicle of Merlin. Great stress, no doubt, is laid by Sir Thomas Mallory on this illicit love as the fruitful source of much calamity; but then Mallory relates that Arthur had met and loved Guinevere long before he asked for her in marriage; whereas, according to Tennyson, he sent Lancelot to meet the betrothed maiden, and she never having seen Arthur, loved Lancelot, as Lancelot Guinevere, at first sight. That circumstance, gratuitously invented, surely makes the degree of the lovers' guilt a problem somewhat needlessly difficult to determine, if it was intended to brand their guilt as heinous enough to deserve the ruin of a realm, and the failure of Arthur's humane life-purpose. Guinevere, seeing Lancelot before Arthur, and recognizing in him (as the sweet and pure Elaine, remember, did after her), the type of all that is noble and knightly in man, loves the messenger, and continues to love him after she has met her destined husband, whom she judges (and the reader of the Idylls can hardly fail to coincide with her judgment) somewhat cold, colorless, and aloof, however impeccable and grave; a kind of moral phantom, or imaginative symbol of the conscience, whom Guinevere, as typifying the human soul, ought indeed to love best ("not Lancelot, nor another,") but whom, as a particular living man, Arthur, one quite fails to see why Guinevere, a living woman with her own idiosyncrasies, should be bound to love rather than Lancelot. For if Guinevere, as woman, ought to love "the highest" man "when she sees him," it does not appear why that obligation should not equally bind all the women of her court also. If the whole burden of the catastrophe was to be laid upon the conception of a punishment deserved by the great guilt of particular persons, that guilt ought certainly to have been so described as to appear heinous and inexcusable to all beyond question. The story need not have been thus moralized; but the poet-laureate

chose to emphasize the breach of a definite moral obligation as unpardonable, and pregnant with evil issues. That being so, I submit that the moral sense is left hesitating and bewildered, rather than satisfied and acquiescent, which interferes with a thorough enjoyment of the work even as art. The sacrament of marriage is high and holy; yet we feel disposed to demand whether here it may not be rather the letter and mere convention than the spirit of constant affection and true marriage that is magnified. And if so, though popularity with the English public may be secured by this vindication of their domestic ideal, higher interests are hardly so well subserved. Doubtless the treachery to husband and friend on the part of the lovers was black and detestable. Doubtless their indulged love was far from innocent. But then why invent so complicated a problem, and yet write as if it were perfectly simple and easy of solution? What I complain of is, that this love has a certain air of grievous fatality and excuse about it, while yet the poet treats it as mere unmitigated guilt, fully justifying all the disaster entailed thereby, not only on the sinners themselves, but on the State, and the cause of human welfare. Nor can we feel quite sure, as the subject is here envisaged, that, justice apart, it is quite according to probability for the knowledge of this constant illicit affection to engender a universal infidelity of the Round Table knights to vows which not only their lips, as in the case of Guinevere, but also their hearts have sworn; infidelity to their own true affection, and disloyalty to their own genuine aspiration after the fulfilment of chivalrous duty in championing the oppressed, — all because a rich-natured woman like Guinevere proves faithful to her affection for a rich kindred humanity in Lancelot! How this comes about is at any rate not sufficiently explained in the poet's narrative; and if so, he must be held to have failed both as artist and as ethical teacher, which in these Idylls he has certainly aspired to be. Then comes the further question, not altogether an easy one to answer, whether it is really true that even widespread sexual excess inevitably entails deterioration in other respects, a lowered standard of integrity and honor. The chivalry of the Middle Ages was *sans peur*, but seldom *sans reproche*. History, on being interrogated, gives an answer ambiguous as a Greek oracle. Was England, for instance, less great under the Regency than under Cromwell?

But at all events, the old legends make the process of disintegration in Arthur's kingdom much clearer than it is made by Tennyson. In Mallory, for instance, Arthur is by no means the sinless being depicted by Tennyson. Rightly or wrongly, he is resolved to punish Guinevere for her infidelity by burning, and Lancelot is equally resolved to rescue her, which accordingly he does from the very stake, carrying her off with him to his castle of Joyous Gard. Then Arthur and Sir Gawain make war upon him; and thus, the great knightly heads of the Round Table at variance, the fellowship is inevitably dissolved, for Modred takes advantage of their dissension to seize upon the throne. But in the old legends, who is Modred? The son of Arthur and his sister. According to them, assuredly the origin of the doom or curse upon the kingdom is the unwitting incest, yet deliberate adultery of Arthur, or perhaps the still earlier and deeply dyed sin of his father, Uther. Yet Mr. Swinburne's contention, that Lord Tennyson should have emphasized the sin of Arthur as responsible for the doom that came upon himself and his kingdom, although plausible, appears to me hardly to meet all the exigencies of the case. Mr. Hutton says in reply that then the supernatural elements of the story could have found no place in the poem; no strange portents could have been described as accompanying the birth and death of Arthur. A Greek tragedian, he adds, would never have dreamt of surrounding Œdipus with such portents. But surely the latter remark demonstrates the unsoundness of the former. Has Mr. Hutton forgotten what is perhaps one of the sublimest scenes in any literature, the supernatural passing of this very deeply dyed sinner Œdipus to his divine repose at Colonos, in the grove of those very ladies of divine vengeance, by whose awful ministry he had been at length assoiled of sin? the mysterious stairs; Antigone and Ismene expectant above; he "shading his eyes before a sight intolerable;" after drinking to the dregs the cup of sin and sorrow, rapt from the world, even he, to be tutelary deity of that land? Neither Elijah nor Moses was a sinless man; yet Moses, after enduring righteous punishment, was not, for God took him, and angels buried him; it was he who led Israel out of Egypt, communed with Jehovah on Sinai; he appeared with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. But I would suggest that the poet might have represented suffering and disappointment, not

as penalty apportioned to particular transgressions, rather as integral elements in that mysterious destiny which determines the lot of man in his present condition of defect, moral, physical, and intellectual, involved in his *hamartia*, or failure to realize that fulness of being which yet ideally belongs to him as divine. Both these ideas — the idea of doom or destiny, and that of Nemesis on account of voluntary transgression — are alike present in due equipoise in the great conceptions of Greek drama, as Mr. J. A. Symonds has conclusively proved in his brilliant, philosophic and poetic work on the Greek poetry, against the more one-sided contention of Schlegel. I feel throughout Shakespeare this same idea of mystic inevitable destiny dominating the lives of men: you may call it, if you please, the will of God. Yet if it dooms us to error, ignorance, and crime, at all events this will cannot resemble the wills of men as they appear to us now. Othello expiates his foolish credulity, and jealous readiness to suspect her who had given him no cause to doubt her love. But there was the old fool Brabantio, and the devil Iago; there were his race, his temperament, his circumstances in general, and the circumstances of the hour, — all these were toils woven about him by fate. Now, if the idea of destiny be the more accentuated (and a tragedian surely should make us feel both this, and the free-will of man), then, as it seems to me, in the interests of art, which loves life and harmony, not pure pain, loss, discord, or negation, there ought to be a purifying or idealizing process manifest in the ordeal to which the victims are subjected, if not for the protagonists, at all events for some of those concerned in the action. We must at least be permitted to behold the spectacle of constancy and fortitude, or devotion, as we do in Desdemona, Cordelia, Antigone, Iphigenia, Romeo, and Juliet. But the ethical element of free-will is almost exclusively accentuated by Tennyson; and in such a case we desire to be fully persuaded that the "poetical justice" dealt out by the poet is really and radically justice, not a mere provincial or conventional semblance thereof.

Yet if you confine your attention to the individual Idylls themselves, they are undoubtedly most beautiful models of sinewy strength, touched to consummate grace. There can be nothing more exquisite than the tender, flower-like humanity of dear Elaine, nor more perfect in pathetic dignity than the Idyll of Guinevere. Vivien

is very powerful; but, as I said, the courtisan appears to me too coarsely and graphically realized for perfect keeping with the general tone of this faery epic. "The Holy Grail" is a wonderful creation in the realm of the supernatural; all instinct with high spiritual significance, though some of the invention in this, as in the other Idylls, belongs to Sir Thomas Mallory. The adventures of the knights, notably of Galahad, Percivale, and Lancelot, in their quest for the Grail, are splendidly described. What, again, can be nobler than the parting of Arthur and Guinevere at Almesbury, where the king forgives and blesses her, she grovelling repentant before him, the gleaming "dragon of the great Pendragonship" making a vaporous halo in the night, as Arthur leaves her, "moving ghostlike to his doom"? Here the scenic element blends incorporate with the human, but assuredly does not overpower it, as has been pretended. Then how excellent dramatically are the subordinate figures of the little nun at Almesbury, and the rustic old monk, with whom Percivale converses in "The Holy Grail;" while, if we were to notice such similes (Homeric in their elaboration, though modern in their minute fidelity to nature) as that in "Enid," which concerns the man startling the fish in clear water by holding up "a shining hand against the sun," or the happy comparison of standing muscle on an arm to a brook "running too vehemently" over a stone "to break upon it," our task would be interminable. The Arthur Idylls are full too of elevating exemplars for the conduct of life, of such chivalrous traits as courage, generosity, courtesy, forbearance, consecration, devotion of life for loyalty and love, service of the weak and oppressed; abounding also with excellent gnomic sayings inculcating these virtues. What admirable and delightful ladies are Enid, Elaine, Guinevere! Of the laureate's longer works, this poem and "In Memoriam" are his greatest, though both of these are composed of many brief song-flights.

It may not be unprofitable to inquire what idea Tennyson probably intended to symbolize by the Holy Grail, and the quest for it. Is it that of mere supernatural portent? Certainly not. The whole treatment suggests far more. I used to think it signified the mystical blood of Christ, the spirit of self-devotion, or, as Mallory defines it, "the secret of Jesus." But it scarcely seems possible that Tennyson means precisely that, for then his

ideal man Arthur would not discourage the quest. Does it not rather stand for that secret of the higher life as sought in any form of supernatural religion, involving acts of worship or asceticism, and religious contemplation? Yet Arthur deprecates not the religious life as such — rather that life in so far as it is not the auxiliary of human service. It is while pursuing the quest that Percivale (in "The Holy Grail") finds all common life, even the most sacred relations of it, as well as the most ordinary and vulgar, turn to dust when he touches them; and to a religious fanatic that is indeed the issue — this life is less than dust to him; he exists for the future and "supernatural" only; his soul is already in another region than this homely, workaday world of ours; and because it is another, he is only too ready to think it must be higher. What to him are our politics, our bewilderments, our fair humanities, our art and science, or schemes of social amelioration? Less than nothing. What he has to do is to save first his own soul, and then some few souls of others, if he can. But while, as Arthur himself complained, such an one waits for the beatific vision, or follows "wandering fires" of superstition, how often, for men with strength to right the wronged, will "the chance of noble deeds come and go unchallenged"! Arthur even dares to call the Holy Grail "a sign to maim this order which I made." "Many of you, yea most, return no more." But, as the queen laments, "this madness has come on us for our sins." Percivale turns monk, Galahad passes away to the spiritual city, Sir Bors meets Lancelot riding madly all abroad, and shouting, —

Stay me not!

I have been the sluggard, and I ride apace,
For now there is a lion in the way.

Lancelot rides on the quest in order that, through the vision of the Grail, the sin of which his conscience accuses him may be rooted out of his heart. And so it was partly the sin — the infidelity to their vows — that had crept in amongst the knights, which drove the best of them to expiation, to religious fervors, whereby their sin might be purged, thus completing the disintegration of that holy human brotherhood, which had been welded together by Arthur for activities of righteous and loving endeavor after human welfare. Magnificent is the picture of the terrible, difficult quest of Lancelot, whose ineradicable sin hinders him from full enjoyment of the spiritual

vision after which he longs. Nor will Arthur unduly discourage those who have thus in mortal peril half attained; —

Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and Percivale,
For these have seen according to their sight.

Into his mouth the poet also puts some beautiful lines on prayer. More indeed may be wrought for the world by the silent spiritual life, by the truth-seeking student, by the beauty-loving artist, than is commonly believed. In worshipping the ideal they bless men. Arthur rebukes Gawain for light, infidel profanity, born only of blind, contented immersion in the slime of sense; while for the others, there was little indeed of the true religious spirit in their quest.

They followed but the leader's bell, for one
Hath seen, and all the blind will see.

With them it is mere fashion, and hollow lip-service, or superstitious fear; a very devil-worship indeed, standing to them too often in the place of justice, mercy, and plain human duty. Nay, what terrible crimes have been committed against humanity in the name of this very religion! Even Percivale only attained to spiritual vision through the vision of Galahad, whose power of strong faith came upon him, for he lacked humility, a heavenly virtue too often lacking in the *unco guid*, as likewise in those raised above their fellows through any uncommon gifts, whether of body or mind. In the old legends, the sin of Lancelot himself is represented as consisting quite as much in personal ambition, over self-confidence, and pride on the score of his prowess, as in his adultery with the queen. Yet the "pure religion and undefiled" of Galahad and St. Agnes had been long since celebrated by our poet in two of his loveliest poems. But these sweet children were not left long to battle for goodness and truth upon the earth; heaven was waiting for them; though, while he remained, Galahad, who saw the vision because he was pure in heart, "rode shattering evil customs everywhere" in the strength of that purity and that vision. Arthur, however, avers he could not himself have joined in the quest, because his mission was to mould and guard his kingdom, although, that done, "let visions come and welcome;" nay, to him the common earth and air are all vision; and yet he knows himself no vision, nor God, nor the divine man. To the spiritual, indeed, all is religious, sacred, sacramental, for they look through the appearance to

the reality, half hidden and half revealed under it. This avowal reminds me of Wordsworth's grand passage in the "Ode on Immortality" concerning "creatures moving about in worlds not realized." But for men not so far advanced, revelations of the Holy Grail, sacramental observances, and stated acts of worship, are indeed of highest import and utility. Yet good, straightforward, modest Sir Bors, who is not over-anxious about the vision, to him it is for a moment vouchsafed, though Lancelot and Percivale attain to it with difficulty, and selfish, superstitious worldlings, with their worse than profitless head knowledge, bad hearts, hollow worship of convention and the dead letter, get no inkling of it at all. This wholesome conviction I trace through many of the laureate's writings. Stylites is not intended to be a flattering, though it is certainly a veracious portrait of the sanctimonious, self-deprecating, yet self-worshipping ascetic. The same feeling runs through "Queen Mary;" and Harold, the honest warrior of unpretending virtue, is well contrasted with the devout, yet un-English and only half-kingly Confessor, upon whose piety Stigand passes no very complimentary remarks. So that the recent play which Lord Queensberry objected to surprises me; for in "Despair" it is theological caricature of the divine character which is made responsible for the catastrophe quite as much as Agnosticism, a mere reaction from false belief. Besides, has not Tennyson sung? —

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds;
and

Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

Turning now to the philosophical and elegiac poetry of Tennyson, one would pronounce the poet to be in the best sense a religious mystic of deep insight, though fully alive to the claims of activity, culture, science, and art. It would not be easy to find more striking philosophical poetry than the lines on "Will," "The Higher Pantheism," "Wages," "Flower in the Crannied Wall," "The Two Voices," and especially "In Memoriam." As to "Wages," it is surely true that virtue, even if she seek no rest (and that is a hard saying), does seek the "wages of going on and still to be." An able writer in "To-day" objects to this doctrine. And of course an Agnostic may be, often is, a much more human person — larger,

kinder, sounder — than a believer. But the truth is, the very feeling that love and virtue are noblest and best involves the implicit intuition of their permanence, however the understanding may doubt or deny. Again, I find myself thoroughly at one with the profound teaching of "The Higher Pantheism." As for "In Memoriam," where is the elegiac poetry equal to it in our language? Gravely the solemn verse confronts problems which, mournful or ghastly, yet with some far-away light in their eyes, look us men of this generation in the face, visiting us with dread misgiving or pathetic hope. From the conference, from the agony, from the battle, faith emerges, aged, maimed, and scarred, yet triumphing and serene. Like every greater poet, Tennyson wears the prophet's mantle, as he wears the singer's bay. Mourners will ever thank him for such words as

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all ;

and

Let love clasp grief, lest both be drowned ;

and

Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine ;

as for the lines that distinguish Wisdom and Knowledge, commending Wisdom as mistress, and Knowledge but as handmaid. Every mourner has his favorite section or particular chapel of the temple-poem, where he prefers to kneel for worship of the Invisible. Yes, for into the furnace men may be cast bound and come forth free, having found for companion one whose form was like the Son of God. Our poet's conclusion may be foolish and superstitious, as some would now persuade us ; but if he errs, it is in good company, for he errs with him who sang, "*In la sua voluntade e nostra pace*," and with him who prayed, "Father, not my will, but thine."

The range, then, of this poet in all the achievements of his long life is vast — lyrical, dramatic,* narrative, allegoric, phil-

osophical. Even strong and barbed satire is not wanting, as in "Sea-Dreams," the fierce verses to Bulwer, "The Spiteful Letter." Of the most varied measures he is master, as of the richest and most copious vocabulary. Only in the sonnet form, perhaps, does his genius not move with so royal a port, so assured a superiority over all rivals. I have seen sonnets even by other living English writers that appeared to me more striking ; notably, fine sonnets by Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Miss Blind. But surely Tennyson must have written very little indifferent poetry when you think of the fuss made by his detractors over the rather poor verses beginning "I stood on a tower in the wet," and the somewhat insignificant series entitled "The Window." For "The Victim" appears to me exceedingly good. Talk of daintiness and prettiness ! Yes ; but it is the lambent, water-waved damascening on a Saladin's blade ; it is the rich encasement on a Cœur de Lion's armor. Amid the soul-subduing spaces, and tall, forested piers of that cathedral by Rhine, there are long, jewelled flames for window, and embalmed kings lie shrined in gold, with gems all over it like eyes. While Tennyson must loyally be recognized as the Arthur or Lancelot of modern English verse, even by those among us who believe that their own work in poetry cannot fairly be damned as "minor," while he need fear the enthronement of no younger rival near him, the poetic standard he has established is in all respects so high that poets who love their art must needs glory in such a leader and such an example, though pretenders may verily be shamed into silence, and Marsyas cease henceforward to contend with Apollo.

RODEN NOEL.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A MILLIONAIRE'S COUSIN.

"I speak of Africa and golden joys."
(a Henry IV. v. iii.)

CHAPTER VII.

AFRICAN SNOW, AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE TEMPER.

It had been settled before leaving Algiers that we were to make an early start from Blidah next morning, so as to give ourselves as long a time as possible for exploring the famous gorge of Chiffa, the first cynosure it seems of every Alge-

* I have just read the laureate's new plays. They are, like all his best things, brief: "dramatic fragments," one may even call them. "The Cup" was admirably interpreted and scenically rendered under the auspices of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry ; but it is itself a precious addition to the stores of English tragedy — all movement and action, intense, heroic, steadily rising to a most impressive climax, that makes a memorable picture on the stage. Camma, though painted only with a few telling strokes, is a splendid heroine of antique virtue, fortitude, and self-devotion. "The Falcon" is a truly graceful and charming acquisition to the repertory of lighter English drama.

rian sight-seer. Unfortunately, as we learnt from Hargrave at breakfast time, one of his horses had contrived to lame itself in the course of the previous day's journey, which had been the cause, as we also learnt, of his own detention overnight. It being too late now to send back to Algiers for one to supply its place, he had decided, he told us, upon returning them at once to their own stable and hiring another pair at Blidah, instead of at Medeah as, at first intended. Upon hearing of the casualty Miss Bonson at once suggested that the expedition should be given up, and that we should all return to Algiers, but the suggestion was so decidedly negatived by the rest of the party, and most loudly of all by her brother, that she agreed to withdraw the suggestion, and to take her place as before in the wagonette, which shortly after nine o'clock appeared at the door.

It was warm as long as we remained in the gorge, but it grew distinctly chilly as we emerged into the bleaker region above. Marmaduke, who was seated upon the box of the carriage, and who earlier in the day had clamored industriously against the heat, now with equal assiduity began to clamor against the cold, and all our available rugs and shawls were brought into requisition to minister to his requirements.

The endless zigzags of the last ten miles surmounted, we dipped under an arch, under the bristling semicircle of guns which guards the town of Medeah, and up to the big empty hotel, the largest building except the barracks in the place, where having inspected the bedrooms assigned to us, we again sallied out to see what was to be seen.

Cold as the evening had been, no one was prepared for the sight which greeted us in the morning. Waking in the grey light, with a sensation as if iced water was being gradually injected into my spinal marrow, I found, upon glancing at the window, that a thin stratum of snow had insinuated itself between the crevices of the wood-work, a somewhat deeper deposit covering the floor beneath, while a wider survey disclosed the not a little startling fact that every roof, ledge, tree, footpath was buried under a load of the same material, which was still steadily descending; the acacias in the *place* presenting a truly piteous appearance, their branches, green already with young leaves, bending helplessly under the weight of this incongruous burden thus suddenly thrust upon them.

Resisting heroically the impulse to remain where I was, I hurriedly dressed, and adjourned to the sitting-room, which was upon the same landing. Hargrave, I learnt from his servant whom I met in the passage, had gone out to make inquiries as to the possibility of our pushing on to Boghar, Marmaduke was still in bed, but Miss Bonson was standing by the window as I entered, and looking out upon the Arctic scene.

"Well, what do you say to *this* variation?" I inquired, as I approached her. "To be snow-bound in Africa within three days of the 1st of April is an experience which falls, I should imagine, to the lot of few travellers!"

"Very few indeed, I should think," she answered, turning round and smiling. "I wonder if, in fact, it ever did happen to any one before, or if we are the first?"

"Whether or not, I feel as if — speaking collectively — we owed you an apology for it," I continued, as I stationed myself beside her, "since you clearly are the victim. You only came to oblige us, and like most other good-natured people, you seem likely to pay pretty dearly for your amiability."

"Oh, I don't think you are at all bound to feel that," she answered quickly. "Indeed, as far as the cold goes, I really do not mind; I am not, as it happens, at all sensitive to it. Marmaduke is, however," she continued seriously. "I have just been to see him, and he tells me that he has passed a wretched night. Some snow has come in at his window-ledge."

I remained respectfully silent; to manifest any very fervent sympathy with Marmaduke's not wholly unprecedented misfortune being more than at the moment I felt equal to.

"He would never have come at all, he says, if he had had any notion that this sort of thing could happen," continued his sister.

"It is a pity that he could not have found means to receive early information upon the subject," I replied gravely. "It seemed to me too as if he disliked heat quite as much as cold," I added, fearing that the not very disguised irony of my last remark might offend his hearer.

"Yes, unfortunately, he is extremely sensitive to extremes of either kind," she replied. "He is not, you know, strong."

I again maintained a respectful silence, and we stood side by side watching the large, slowly descending flakes, black seemingly as so many coal smuts overhead, but gradually growing into white-

ness, until they fell in dazzling drifts upon the already encumbered roofs and door-steps.

"No, he is not at all strong," Miss Bonson repeated, as if to impress me with the fact. "Indeed, when we first came to Algiers we were afraid that one of his lungs was affected, but the doctor says that there is no danger of that now. Still it is always necessary for him to be extremely careful."

Happily, before I could be expected to reply to this, the door behind us opened and the interesting invalid himself entered the room. Hardly deigning to notice our greetings, he advanced to the fireplace, and seating himself in an armchair, began piling up logs from a basket which stood near. His sister went over to see if she could minister to his comfort, but her attentions were so evidently ill-received that she presently desisted, and after a moment's hesitation rejoined me in the window.

The steady descent of snowflakes had latterly been growing slower, and at this moment a sudden gleam shot dazzlingly out across the town, lighting up the new white world, the still falling particles, the motley groups which filled the street — intensifying the already tolerably crowded incongruities of the scene.

Whether under the cheering influence of this new diversion, or, as I rather suspected, by way of diverting attention from her brother's unconciliatory demeanor, Miss Bonson suddenly grew animated, talking with a volubility very unlike her usual reticence. Standing close to the window, in defiance of the chill blast which streamed in through its innumerable apertures, she called my attention first to one and then to another figure as they drifted successively past our post of observation.

"How the crowd increases!" she exclaimed. "Now, in England, on such a day as this, the streets would be deserted, but here they evidently consider a snowstorm rather a pleasant variety than otherwise, and nobody seems to dream of staying in-doors. Look at those boys trying to catch the flakes in their mouths as they fall, and that Arab coming down with a big blue umbrella over his head. An Arab and an umbrella! Could more incongruous ideas be brought together?"

"Are you sure, though, that he is an Arab?" I inquired. "Hargrave tells me that those men with black cloaks and blue stockings are almost invariably Jews, and I fancy that even from here I can perceive

the tip of a very Israelitish-looking nose peeping out under his hood."

"Ah, true, very likely he is a Jew," she answered, "and in that case it would not be so surprising. But see here, on the other hand, comes a colonist who has evidently borrowed his neighbor's burnoose, and has rolled himself up in it until he looks like nothing so much as a fat old woman, and after him those Zouaves, with none of their splendor showing except their red boots; and look, do look, Mr. Bell, at those three dear old negresses!"

"You two seem to find all this damned amusing!" growled Marmaduke from his fireplace. "Hang me if I can see anything in the least funny in being stuck in a beastly garrison town on the top of a mountain in the driving snow — with nothing but this sort of thing to warm oneself with either!" he added, giving a vicious kick to the log of wood from which the sap was certainly at that moment issuing in a thin green froth.

"Is your cold worse, do you think, Marmaduke?" his sister inquired anxiously.

"How much better do you think it's likely to get while this sort of thing goes on?" he retorted.

This time Miss Bonson prudently made no reply, and it was a relief when a minute or two later Hargrave entered, his face red with exposure to the cutting wind.

"How do you feel about pushing on to Boghar, Miss Bonson?" he exclaimed cheerily as he entered; "I've been talking to our driver, and he assures me that this snow is only just about Medeah, and that if we will but start we shall not have gone more than half a mile — not one little kilometer — before the sun will be so hot we shall have to put up the awning."

"What a liar he is!" ejaculated Marmaduke from his fireplace.

"I dare say it is true. You know we are tremendously high up here — as high as the top of Snowdon or Ben Nevis. Now at Boghar I shouldn't wonder if there has not been a snowflake all the time, nor at Blidah probably either."

"I bet you a thousand pounds that there has been at both," returned the other, but no one accepted his sporting offer.

"Would the horses be able to travel again so soon?" inquired Miss Bonson.

"Oh, yes, perfectly. The man assures me that they are as fresh as possible; that they would go *comme des lions*, that was his own expression."

"You won't catch me rattling about

over mountains in an open carriage in such weather as this, then, I can tell you," growled Marmaduke; and this time there was a tone of sullen resolution in his voice which showed that he meant it.

"You'll find it much warmer than staying where you are then, I assure you," Hargrave answered quickly. "This is about the coldest place, remember, on our whole journey."

"Very likely, but I'm not going to stay here either. I'm going"—he paused and looked round as if to defy us to contradict him—"I'm going back to Algiers in the diligence."

John started forward.

"Nonsense, Bonson, you can't mean that," he said indignantly. "You couldn't have the face to break up our party in that fashion. You, too, that were the one to urge us all to come!"

"I do mean it though. And as to urging you, you may lay any money I'd never have come a yard if I could have guessed that we'd come in for this sort of thing. Larking off to L'Aghouat is good fun enough in decent weather, but to be put to sleep in places like enlarged mouse-traps when the thermometer is down to freezing point is what I fail to see the smallest entertainment in."

"But I tell you, man, it will be warm again the minute we get to Boghar."

"That's moonshine, Hargrave; you can't tell whether it will or not. Anyhow, driving over mountains in that open carriage of yours would be simple insanity this weather."

I waited, hoping devoutly for a repetition of the previous evening's explosion. This time, unfortunately, I waited in vain. Instead Hargrave turned abruptly away to a distant window, where he stood silently pulling the ends of his moustache. For several minutes no one in the room uttered a word, until at last Miss Bonson, leaving the window, approached her brother.

"The snow is really clearing away fast, Marmaduke," she said urgently. "Do look how very clear it is over those hills yonder. Indeed, I think we might venture on to Boghar, unless, of course, you think it would do you any serious harm. And I think it would be very unfair to Mr. Hargrave if we were to turn back *now*," she added in a lower tone, not perhaps audible across the room.

"All right, go to Boghar by all means if you choose," was the answer, delivered in an even louder tone than usual. "All I said was that I wouldn't."

This was a little too much even for John's endurance.

"Don't talk such nonsense, Bonson," he said, turning angrily round, "when you know perfectly well that your sister can't go on if you don't."

"Very well then, she can come back to Algiers with me this afternoon in the diligence."

There was nothing more to be said! Undoubtedly the little monster was completely master of the situation. His sister clearly could not go without him, and Hargrave it was equally clear would have no desire to go if she remained behind. To have taken young Mr. Marmaduke Bonson up then and there by the nape of his neck, and, having first thoroughly shaken him, to have dropped him out of the window into the big pile of half-melted snow which lay in the street below would have given me, I own, the deepest and the most soothing satisfaction. This mode of settling the matter being, however, unfortunately out of the question, and no gentler argument being likely to produce the smallest effect, there was nothing for it but to submit to having our plans capsize, and ourselves sent to the right-about at a moment's notice to suit his caprice.

Miss Bonson was the most to be pitied really of the whole party, her face expressing all that mixture of shame and discomfort which she undoubtedly must have felt. She stepped forward as if again about to make a fresh appeal to her brother; then reading apparently in that affectionate relative's face the utter hopelessness of the attempt, she turned and approached Hargrave with an air of decision.

"Mr. Hargrave, you must not let this sudden resolution of Marmaduke's alter your arrangements," she said decidedly. "You and Mr. Bell *must* go on to L'Aghouat all the same. Indeed, indeed you will make me utterly wretched if you do not," she added entreatingly, reading apparently in his face that he was about to refuse.

"No, no, if you go back we shall all go," he answered hastily. "Isn't it so?" he added, looking over at me.

I nodded affirmatively. Naturally it was not quite such an absolute matter of course to me as it was to him; in the first place I was not in love, in the second place I had never seen L'Aghouat, whereas Hargrave had. Seeing, however, that I was his guest, that the expedition was his, and that he was paymaster, it stood to reason that any decision which he came

to must be equally of necessity binding upon me.

Miss Bonson almost wrung her hands in the extremity of her distress. She looked over at her brother as if about to make another appeal to his generosity; when, by way probably of clinching the matter, he got up and announced that he was going to see about their places, and so saying departed from the scene.

We waited some little time, then, finding that he did not return, Hargrave rang the bell, when further inquiries elicited two facts; one being that all the places in the diligence were already taken; the other that a considerable snowdrift was said to have lodged in the gorge up which we had driven the previous day, so that it was thought unlikely, the waiter said, that any carriage would be able to descend to Blidah that day.

"We must wait where we are then until to-morrow, I suppose," Miss Bonson said with a sort of despairing resignation.

"I suppose so too," Hargrave answered gloomily. "Unless perhaps your brother would prefer that you should walk," he added, as the man left the room.

One thing at all events was clear, and that was that nothing further was to be done at present. So as the snow had by this time almost ceased, and I was curious to see the town in its Arctic dress, I announced my intention of going out for a walk until the twelve o'clock *déjeuner* was ready, and according went off to my room to look out the necessary strong boots.

Passing the sitting-room door a few minutes later, I saw Miss Bonson and Hargrave standing in the same place by the window; she, apparently, still tendering those apologies which the culprit himself had evidently not the smallest intention of presenting in person to anybody.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE RETURN FROM THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

WHEN I returned fully an hour later from my walk through the town I found them almost in the same attitude, and still *tête-à-tête*, the offending Marmaduke having had the decency or the prudence to withdraw himself temporarily from public gaze. My first idea upon entering the room was that some means must have been found to get over the opposing difficulty, and that our fallen plans were again resuscitated, Hargrave's face having lost

its crestfallen expression, expressing indeed a sort of beatitude, if that word be not somewhat too florid to employ in describing features which had certainly never gone into much previous training for the display of such exalted emotions. He got up as I entered, and turned round with an air of bewilderment, almost as if for the moment in doubt as to my identity.

"Hullo! Oh, you, Adolphus, is it? Back already? I suppose it is getting pretty near to breakfast time?" he said.

"I suppose so too," I answered rather dryly. "At least twelve o'clock was the hour you mentioned, and it now wants only twenty minutes of one."

"Twenty minutes of one! Bless me, why you will all be starved," and he hurried out of the room presumably to hasten on the laggard preparations.

The meal to which we were presently summoned was not an exhilarating one, despite the continued absence of Marmaduke, who having succeeded in securing a bedroom with a fireplace, preferred to remain in that dignified seclusion and to nurse his cold. It was satisfactory to find that this distressing malady did not seem seriously to interfere with his appetite. Four distinct times the waiter was despatched with fresh reinforcements, and once Miss Bonson herself left the room in order to see that everything necessary for the invalid's comfort was duly provided. During this latter absence Hargrave sat tugging at his moustache with short, quick jerks, which seemed to imply a doubt whether an excess of sisterly devotion might not under some circumstances amount almost to a failing.

Breakfast over he proposed our taking a turn, to which, after a moment's hesitation, Miss Bonson agreed, and we walked briskly for some time about the town, her manner continuing to exhibit towards him that marked and even eager kindness which had distinguished it ever since the beginning of this recent episode. Finding that the others were bent upon taking the same route which I had already traversed in the morning I turned back before very long to the hotel, stating that I was thinking of looking out the materials of a sketch, and so left them to pursue it uninterrupted. My sympathy with the sister of that highly unpleasant young man Marmaduke was beginning, I own, by this time to be qualified by a certain degree of irritation. Vicarious penitence is all very well, but it ought to have its due limits, and it ought also, I thought, to take its proper

direction. Hargrave, it was evident, was completely, if not wilfully, blindfolding himself as to the nature of these doubtless gratifying kindnesses, which, coming after a long course of persistent discouragement, had the effect of starting his well-nigh drooping hopes into fresh and, as it seemed to me, quite unwarrantable activity. Personal considerations, too, I am free to admit, may have had something to say to my clear-sightedness upon this head. It did seem to me decidedly odd that no one appeared in the least to perceive who in point of fact the real victim of the whole fiasco was. Not Hargrave, since he had already been to L'Aghouat; not Miss Bonson, since she had never from the very beginning expressed the smallest desire to go there; while Marmaduke obviously was out of the question, he being the one impediment to our not at that very moment being on our road thither. Whereas I had never been to L'Aghouat or anywhere else in Algeria for that matter, I had always from the beginning expressed a desire to visit it, and I certainly had never dreamed of putting any impediments in the path. It must be clear, therefore, to every right-judging person, where any superfluous sympathy ought in the first instance to be tendered. Wild horses, I need hardly observe, would not have induced me to express this view, but there are, we all know, things which a man cannot and moreover will not express for himself which ought nevertheless to be perfectly unmistakable to those about him. Added to this, Hargrave's part seemed to me, I own, an undignified, I may even say a foolish one. That after such very unmistakable indications to the contrary he should continue to cherish illusions (apart, of course, from such family pressure as might be exercised in his favor), seemed to me a piece of perversity hardly consistent with what I had previously regarded as his sense and judgment. True, he was under the influence of a passion notoriously the greatest corrupter of both, and possibly the fact of his having taken that malady at so comparatively advanced an age made it — I thought, with an effort at leniency — only the more difficult for him to escape its foibles.

That evening the thaw set in with a will, arriving with a sunset gorgeous even for Algeria. Against the liquid lakes of gold, scarlet, and emerald, a couple of absurd little lop-sided green crescents, stuck upon spikes which decorated the top of the baths, stood out as if carved in the finest ebony. For hours together the rattle

of wheels and the cracking of whips hardly ceased for an instant, nor yet the blowing of bugles from the bilious-looking yellow barracks which crown the town. Street-criers vociferously shouted their wares; a discordant chorus of voices, French and Arabic, appeared to be floating perpetually up and down in front of our windows; it seemed as though the whole population of Medeah, partially paralyzed during the day, was bursting out into fresh vigor under the enlivening influence of the thaw. Impossible, too, for anything to be more absolutely perfect than was the following morning. As we drove out of the gates the color of the sky seen through the arches of the disfigured aqueduct was a thing to wonder at. The snow, which had left the valleys, still covered the hills, giving them an effect of dignity to which they were hardly otherwise entitled.

We had a long time to wait for the train, and when it arrived every compartment appeared crammed, some function at Oran having caused a concentration of officialism, civil and military, in that direction. Espying an empty seat in a smoking carriage I jumped in, Hargrave being already engaged in seeing Miss Bonson into a carriage a little further down. Just as the train was about to start, the door of my compartment suddenly opened again, and, to my no small disgust, the irrepressible Marmaduke entered, trailing his voluminous draperies after him, and proceeded to ensconce himself into a narrow space between myself and the stout wife of an irascible Chasseur d'Afrique, thereby causing that gallant officer to glare unutterable things from the opposite side of the carriage.

"Never knew such a beastly squeeze! Couldn't find another spot anywhere," the young man muttered, though whether the apology was addressed to me, or to himself for having to endure my company, was more than I can say.

"It's of no consequence as far as I am concerned," I replied freezingly; "but won't your sister rather dislike being left alone in that fashion?"

"Hildegard? Not she. Besides she's not alone. Hargrave is there," he answered.

I said no more. It was not my business to look after Miss Bonson, if her natural guardian failed to do so. By the suppressed grin, too, with which the last three words were uttered, I suspected that the little wretch was secretly pluming himself upon the diplomacy with which this last and crowning opportunity had been

afforded Hargrave, probably reckoning upon it as an all-sufficient response to his mother, should she, as was not improbable, take him to task for cutting short an expedition fraught with so many and such exhilarating hopes.

We left the train, not at Algiers, but at a smaller station upon the Oran side of it. Emerging upon the platform I caught sight of Hargrave, who was looking eagerly up and down evidently in search of my companion, who was still leisurely struggling with his multifarious wraps. A glance told that something had happened. A change had come over the spirit of his dream. He looked perturbed, haggard, like a man who had sustained a shock. Espying us he advanced hastily. "Here, Bonson, your sister wants you," he said. "Don't stay there, man, she's alone," he added impatiently.

The young man addressed opened his mouth as if to reply. Seeing apparently something in John's face, however, that did not brook trifling, he judiciously shut it again, and obeyed so far as to follow his sister, who was rapidly making her way towards the distant exit. We were delayed a minute or two by the crowd which blocked the platform, and by the time we had succeeded in extricating ourselves, and had struggled through the narrow doorway, neither brother nor sister remained any longer visible.

Evidently Hargrave must have telegraphed to acquaint his household of the change of plans, for one of his numerous carriages was standing at the door waiting to receive us as we emerged.

Something in the selection either of the carriage itself or of the horses appeared to displease their owner, for he spoke sharply to the man who was driving — not Tummins, but some inferior functionary — thereby awakening, I saw, a momentary gleam of astonishment in that worthy's well-trained countenance.

The drive was not a long one, and I was glad of it, as we were both of us palpably embarrassed in the other's presence. As we passed through the entrance gates and slowly ascended the avenue, it seemed as if that region of snow and frost we had just left must have been visited by us only in a dream. A delicious glow — sunny, yet subdued — brooded over the whole scene. Against this glow the flat-topped walls of Hargrave's mansion rose conspicuous. To and fro and under its elaborately carved eaves a tribe of swallows were busily flying, each with a lump of mud in its audacious beak. Below, the

tideless sea stretched its blue, crestless waves; the long, fine line of coast, ending in Cap Matifou, seemed to sweep away the eye into the immeasurable azure. All this plenitude of light, life, color, loveliness, appeared suddenly springing into existence and rushing forward to greet us upon our return. We went indoors, but it was too lovely to stay there, and presently I lounged out again into the court, and stood confronting the view, framed, as it was, vista-fashion, by two of the marble pillars, twisting their spiral columns upwards to meet the capitals. A gentle breeze stirred the leaves of the papyrus about the tank, so that they rustled faintly; a glow from the impending sunset broke over the garden, already glowing with a hundred tints. After a while John, too, emerged from the house and passed hastily through the court. I addressed some indifferent observation to him, but he hardly heeded, and passed on in the direction of the orangery.

After hesitating a moment whether or not to follow him, I finally decided that, on the whole, I would remain where I was. Easy-going as he is, John is not a man somehow upon whom it would be comfortable to force one's company against his will, and that something was seriously amiss now I had very little doubt, any more than I had as to what that something must of necessity be.

A ridiculous little window, or rather peep-hole, chanced to be in the outer wall, and near this I presently stationed myself. A great orange-tree, which grew close up to this corner of the house, thrust its oval leaves and big globose fruit almost into my face. Between these, however, I could see the walk leading through the lemons up to the two big cypresses in which this part of the garden ended. What had happened exactly? I wondered, as I listened to John's steps pacing to and fro its umbrageous length. Had he put his fate to the touch, or had his house of cards fallen before even a finger was laid upon it? I was sorry for him, and yet — shall I, dare I, confess it? — there was a certain glow, a secret, unacknowledged exhilaration in my own mind which had certainly not been there five or six hours previously. After all, I thought dispassionately as I glanced around me in the gloaming, when a man possesses everything, literally everything else that heart can desire, courts and gardens, palm-trees, lemon groves, not to speak of such prosaic things as a prodigiously successful business and a swollen balance at his

banker's—is not there a certain fitness—a certain, I might almost go so far as to say, measure of poetical justice—in his not also being able to add to his other stores one which, if it doubtless lends the rest value, can hardly, even to the most romantic mind, be said to outweigh their more manifest and substantial advantages. Besides, putting the matter upon the plainest and most rational footing, if the man wanted to go in for one of these sort of tremendously neck-or-nothing affairs, why, in the name of sense and reason, did he not try his hand at it a dozen years earlier? I said to myself.

The indifference to the comfort of others shown by those who either are, or fancy themselves to be in love, has been often pointed out, but I little thought that evening, as I was lounging peacefully and meditatively under the orange-trees, how soon I was myself to be a victim to it. So, however, it proved. The very next morning at breakfast, Hargrave, without any apology, without even appearing to regard my convenience in the matter, suddenly announced his intention of starting again immediately upon a prolonged yachting cruise—he was not sure where, he said—to Corsica, perhaps, or Sicily; possibly, to Greece and the Ionian Isles; it might be to Cypress and Alexandria. Should I care to accompany him? or should I prefer spending what remained of my holiday in Paris or elsewhere, upon the understanding—that I must do him the justice to say he did add—that although no longer present in person he was still to be present in the character of host and paymaster?

With my usual decisiveness I at once chose the latter alternative, my solitary experience of Mediterranean voyaging not at all inclining me to hazard any protracted repetition of the experiment, neither did I think that Hargrave, under present circumstances, would be by any means a particularly agreeable companion. A fortnight of Paris was a suggestion not certainly without charms; still to leave Algiers in this summary fashion was, I felt, an annoyance to which not even the prospect of unlimited wanderings about the Quartier Latin and suchlike classic precincts could at all serve to reconcile me to.

In spite of the very limited number of my remaining hours I found time to pay a farewell call at the Villa El Hadjadj. No one, however, was at home, so the brown-faced menial who opened the door averred, and the silence of the house

seemed to bear out his assertion. The tadpoles in the court were at home I can certify, for they started away with their usual convulsive energy as I skirted their abode on my way to and from the house. Passing the loggia where I had first seen Miss Bonson I glanced up, half hoping to find some traces still of her presence. In this I was disappointed. The place wore an unoccupied air, the door leading into the house was closely shut, the mantle of gorgeous-colored leafage which overhung the walls showed a good many discolored blotches, the ground below being covered with hectic two-winged fragments, as though an army of butterflies had been routed and slain upon the spot. Glancing back as I regained the gate leading to the road, I could not forbear a momentary thrill of respect for the resolution which had resisted exchanging that blighted and penurious atmosphere which it seemed to inclose, for those larger, more satisfying surroundings which it was in Hargrave's power to offer. Looking at the matter from the latter's point of view however, it certainly did seem a trifle hard, I thought, that after getting safely through some five-and-forty years without undergoing either the joys or the pangs of love-making, his very first essay of the sort should have turned out so manifest and so deplorable a failure.

CHAPTER IX.

SIX MONTHS AFTER.

October 10th, 188-.—For more than a week past I have had an intermittent engagement in the Print-room of the British Museum, having received an order for the copying of certain drawings therein contained. As work I cannot say that it particularly commends itself to my taste. There is a nasty niggling necessity for accuracy about it which I find checking and baulking to the more vigorous flow of my own pencil. After executing three or four of the drawings, therefore, I have been rather thinking of handing over the remainder of the task to Simcox, who, poor devil, would be glad enough of the job, and whose naturally labored style of manipulation would find itself considerably more at ease in it than my own could possibly hope to be. An incident, however, which occurred this afternoon disposed me to hesitate a little in this purpose, or at any rate to defer its execution for some few days to come.

I had left the Print-room and was passing along the sculpture-galleries—not, by

the way, the nearest route to the door — when I was arrested by the sight of a young lady who was standing at work before an easel, about half-way down the length of the longest gallery. Although her back was towards me, and her face consequently invisible, I was at once struck by something familiar in the poise of the figure and graceful turn of the head, and was in the act of wondering when and where I had seen both before, when, laying down her crayon upon the edge of the easel, she suddenly seated herself with an air of discouragement, letting her hands fall idly upon her lap. In doing so her profile became visible, and at the same instant I recognized in the dejected artist my beautiful Algerian acquaintance Miss Bonson.

Hastening forward with an ejaculation of pleasure I approached the bench upon which she had seated herself, at the same time holding out my hand.

She looked up, and her face, which had previously been rather pale, became suddenly and flatteringly suffused with color at sight of me. She gave, I noticed, a quick little glance beyond, almost as if in expectation of seeing some one else, and her greeting, though friendly, was not without a certain air of constraint.

"I had no idea you were in London," I exclaimed joyfully. "When did you arrive?"

"Only a few days ago. My mother and I have been spending the summer in Switzerland, but she has now returned to Algiers, and I have come here to stay with an aunt."

"You have chosen about the most melancholy of all moments for your arrival in your native land," I said. "You have not lost any time in setting to work, however, I see. You mean to go in seriously for art this winter, do you not?"

"Yes, I hope so. That was my idea in coming to London. I hope to get into one of the art-schools, but they are not open yet, and in the mean time I have been advised to come here and practise drawing from these statues. I had no idea that I should find them so dreadfully difficult though!" she added with a candid sigh.

"That one you have chosen to begin upon is particularly so," I answered; "and you have put yourself in the hardest of all possible positions for drawing it also," I added, going forward so as to put myself into her former place.

Miss Bonson seemed to brighten a little at this intimation.

"I fancied it must be," she answered; "for though I have been trying for the last three days, oh so hard, to draw it, I cannot. The more I try the worse it seems to get!"

"I am sorry I never happened to pass this way before, or I might possibly have been of some slight assistance to you," I said. "Even now, perhaps, if you will let me take your crayon, I might show you a little before we are turned out."

"Would you? Oh, but I should be so grateful! I don't see though that I have any right to take up your time."

"I give you the right, then," I answered. "At this time of day, too, an artist's time is not of any very profound value."

I took up her crayon as I spoke, and having pointed the chalk began amending the outline of the drawing at the point at which Miss Bonson's hand seemed to have dropped nerveless from the task.

"You see you have drawn a good deal more than you could possibly have seen from where you were," I explained as I did so. "You did not remember to allow enough for the foreshortening."

She listened attentively to my explanations, following the rectifications with her eyes and silently comparing the lines of the statue with those which I was then tracing upon her paper. The gallery was by this time nearly depopulated; a distant sound of footsteps, and of putting away of chairs and boards alone broke jarringly upon the silence. The long lines of busts perched upon their pedestals, and more sparsely scattered statues, seeming to form a polite but not particularly interested audience around us, the more distant ones already growing grey and ghostly in the dim October twilight. We were not long left to enjoy our solitude, however. Hardly a quarter of an hour, I think, could have elapsed before a grim-looking personage in a bombazine skirt and a black alpaca mantle appeared upon the scene under the guidance of one of the attendants, at sight of whom Miss Bonson at once began putting together her various scattered utensils.

"I am sorry my aunt should have thought it necessary to send you for me, Deborah," she said apologetically. "I could have found my own way back perfectly by the train as I came."

"Miss Alicia said as how I was to come, miss," the woman replied stolidly, "and you was to take a *cab* back to Ebury Street, if you pleased, because it was a-getting late, and she thought it was a-going to rain," she added, glancing sourly

at me, as though I were responsible both for the bad weather and the disturbance which had been effected in her own afternoon habits.

Under this redoubtable escort Miss Bonson speedily left the Museum. I accompanied her as far as the gate, however, where, having found a cab and put her into it, we parted, though not until I had ascertained that she was likely to be at the Museum every student's day for some little time to come.

October 14th. — She is certainly amazingly handsome, far more so even than I had any notion of in Algiers! This morning I missed her at the District Railway Station, but on arriving at the Museum I found that she was already in her usual place. No one else had as yet arrived, and but for the mute encompassing society in marble she would have been alone. Statues are not as a rule becoming company, but Miss Bonson is one that can bear the test of their neighborhood better than most people. As I came up the gallery she was standing motionless before her easel, frowning slightly, and scanning her work evidently in no contented spirit. A colossal Greek mask, propped upon the shelf above her head, seemed looking down upon her in vacant-eyed surprise, while upon the other side a faun, his white limbs well defined against the reddish color of his alcove, capered about, and screwed his face into a thousand fantastic wrinkles, as if in impish enjoyment of her perplexities.

On seeing me she brightened visibly, and offered no demur when I proceeded to take up her crayon. After a few minutes, however, she insisted that I had done enough, and must not remain any longer away from my own work. I obeyed, but found an opportunity of returning later, pleading that I was on my way back from luncheon. She looked woefully tired by this time, and indeed owned to being so, and at my entreaty presently left her smudgings for a while, and we sauntered together side by side through the galleries.

N.B. — I shall certainly not make over my own work in the Print-room to Simcox for the present.

November 18th. — We have had a quarrel, or at all events a disagreement, the worst consequence of which to me is that more than a week has now passed and I have not seen her.

It began in the most innocent way possible. I had been describing the work I was engaged upon in the Print-room, suggesting that it might be worth Miss Bon-

son's while to try her own hand at some of the drawings. She would find them probably a good deal easier to do, I said, than what she was at work on at present, and by degrees might undertake some herself should she feel disposed to do so; at the worst it was always good practice. From thus dilating upon FitzMontagu Biggs as a patron I was led on to dilate upon FitzMontagu Biggs generally, indeed that worthy man with his colossal self-satisfaction, his stupendous ignorance upon all things relating to art, and his still more stupendous belief in his own omniscience upon the subject, offers, it must be owned, a sufficiently expansive target for such light slings and arrows, and, with the help of a few discriminative touches here and there, I had no great difficulty in enticing a good many smiles from Miss Bonson at his expense. All at once — I cannot even now recall what I said, or how exactly it all came about — but I made some slighting, or what she took to be slighting allusion to Hargrave, *à propos* of millionaires in general, and of FitzMontagu Biggs in particular. Miss Bonson said nothing, but her smile vanished as a light vanishes when you put an extinguisher over it. She shot one lightning-like glance of surprise and indignation in my direction, and immediately afterwards betook herself with renewed diligence to the piece of background which she happened to be at that moment engaged in shading.

I remained standing beside her, feeling that I had somehow or other blundered, yet not knowing very clearly in what my offence consisted. No direct reproach having been addressed to me, I had no opportunity of setting myself right; at the same time to feel oneself thus silently tried and condemned was distinctly the reverse of comfortable, so, having waited a few minutes in hopes of inducing her to say something, I thought it was best to go straight on with my previous remark as though nothing particular had occurred.

"Not, of course, you will understand me, that there is any comparison between them," I continued, in as indifferent a tone as I could muster, stooping down as I did so to pick up a small piece of charcoal which had escaped on to the ground. "FitzMontagu Biggs is as worthy an old fellow as breathes, but between ourselves a vulgarian of the first water, whereas Hargrave we know, and every one knows, to be diametrically the reverse of *that*. In fact, I should never have dreamt of comparing them but for the accident of their both being what are commonly called

millionaires, and munificent ones too. Indeed, to be perfectly candid," I continued, replacing the piece of charcoal carefully upon the ledge beside her, "to be perfectly candid, I am not sure that in this latter respect old Biggs may not even be said to carry away the palm."

Miss Bonson continued shading diligently, as if her whole heart and soul were concentrated upon seeing how far the squares and diamonds she was then cross-hatching could be made to fit neatly into one another. I waited, wondering whether she ever intended to speak again, wondering what I had better say next, whether I had better go away, whether I had offended her past redemption — what, in short, the whole thing meant. At last she looked up.

"I should never have expected to hear you depreciate Mr. Hargrave's generosity," she said reproachfully, and there was, I thought, though a slight, still a very unmistakable emphasis upon the pronoun.

I felt remarkably uncomfortable. Had any one been telling her of things which Hargrave had done for me — pure trifles for the most part — or was this only a chance shot upon her part? I wondered. Of all odious offences to be suspected of backbiting a benefactor is to a generous mind the most odious possible; one which no man with a scintillation of self-respect but feels bound to resent, and I considered therefore that it was incumbent upon me to let her at once see that I was annoyed and moreover surprised at such a very unjustifiable and uncalled-for insinuation upon her part.

"That is not fair, Miss Bonson!" I said firmly, "upon my word it is not. You misunderstand me entirely; indeed you do. Because I say that FitzMontagu Biggs is as generous as he is vulgar; as liberal with his money as he is with those superfluous *h*'s of his, surely that is quite a different thing from depreciating Hargrave, whom everybody knows to be in all essential respects a perfectly generous man?"

"He is more, much more than that. He is the most generous man in the whole world!" she answered vehemently. "No one could possibly be *more* generous!"

Here was a nice dilemma! Here was I, Hargrave's cousin, and a man to a certain extent under obligations to him, put into the position of a person who had deliberately assailed him; she, Miss Bonson, into that of one who found it neces-

sary to defend him against unjust aspersions — and all, as far as I could see, about nothing at all! Another and a still more self-evident proposition forced itself prominently upon my notice. If this were really that young lady's candid, unbiassed, and final opinion of him, why, in the name of sense and reason, had she not given a more practical proof of it when a practical proof was called for?

"Most people, I imagine, could be generous upon seventy thousand a year," I retorted coldly.

The moment I had given utterance to that unlucky generalization I felt that I had put myself hopelessly in the wrong by it. Miss Bonson said nothing, but she sent a second lightning-like shaft of indignation in my direction, winged too this time with what I could not help clearly perceiving to be an unmistakable touch of scorn; after which she resumed her occupation as though no such person as myself so much as continued in existence.

I again waited, hoping that she would recover her temper, and that I might then find an opportunity of modifying what I now felt to be the, to some extent, crudity of my last remark. Not a word further, however, did she articulate, and, after the ill-success of my last venture, I did not see my way to reopening the discussion unassisted. Having tendered some observation upon things in general, and finding that it was allowed to drop plumb-like into the silence, I thought that it might be as well to allow an interval for calmer and more judicious reflection, and accordingly betook myself with some dignity to the Print-room. I had not been there long, however, before it struck me that in thus surrendering the field I had simply allowed myself to be put in the wrong, and that the longer I remained away the harder it would be for me to reopen the discussion. Thrusting the work I was engaged upon aside I returned therefore in all haste to the sculpture-gallery. She was already gone, however, and I have not seen her since.

November 25th. — "I have not seen her since." A week since my last entry, and now a whole fortnight has passed without our meeting! Can it be that that one, possibly injudicious, but after all really very harmlessly meant observation of mine can have had the effect of driving her from her accustomed haunts; causing her to give up her previously formed habits and pursuits rather than risk encountering me? The idea seems too preposterous, too painful, too, I will even add,

heart-breaking to be entertained for an instant — as preposterous, in fact, as the whole trumpery little squabble itself. Preposterous, however, as it is, the fact appears to be so. In vain I have daily perambulated the galleries, in vain spent hours in sauntering along Ebury Street, trying to persuade myself I was merely taking an afternoon stroll; in vain of set purpose and for long intervals together exposed myself to the noxious vapors and more than tartarean horrors of the underground railway — in vain. She remains, and seems likely to remain impenetrably invisible, and as the days pass on, and I hear nothing, and no ray of light comes to visit my perplexities, I begin rapidly to despair.

November 30th. — This morning to my intense joy and relief, she was standing in her old place as I walked in, and received me much as usual, though with a tinge of distance in her manner which there had not been previously. She had been staying for the last ten days or so, she told me, with a friend — a lady whose acquaintance she had made at Algiers — and this, of course, had hindered her from coming to the Museum. How far I was relieved to find that displeasure against me had not been the cause of her abstinence, or mortified to find that I had after all filled so much smaller a space in her mind than I had latterly taught myself to believe, I should find some difficulty in accurately defining. Do what I would, too, I found it impossible to regain my former footing, or break down that slight but highly efficient barrier which she had chosen to set up between us. She would not permit me to touch her drawing either, saying smilingly but decidedly that she must really learn henceforward to bear her own artistic burden without depending upon any extraneous aid or charity. Having no excuse, therefore, for lingering I was obliged to retire to the Print-room, where I sat pretending to do my own work, in reality eating my heart out with a vague sense of mingled wrath, love, impotence, wretchedness, the dull sleepy thud of the outside world coming in from time to time through the thick walls, and seeming to form a sort of chorus and accompaniment to all this inward tumult and perturbation.

December 10th. — An event — the very last that I or any other reasonable person could have anticipated — has occurred, one too which proves, were proof needed, what depths of dissimulation, what un-

told capacities for guile and falsity lurk in the breast of every woman, even the most apparently simple and straightforward. Having so far kept a record of my late experiences, I may as well add this also, setting down as calmly and dispassionately as I can what exactly did happen on this last and most disastrous day of our renewed intercourse.

We had met as usual at the sculpture-gallery, where I found an opportunity of lingering longer than I have been allowed to do lately, so that I began to cherish a hope that our former friendly relations were once more renewing themselves. When dusk came, too, and we had to leave, the woman in bombazine had failed to put in an appearance, and accordingly we left the Museum together. As we passed down the steps and out of the gate I suspected that a struggle was going on in my companion's mind, and that she was debating whether or not to take a cab, and thus dispense with my escort. She had her return ticket, however, as I had seen when she went to claim her umbrella, so prudential motives probably prevailed, and we accordingly started to walk together to the station.

It was not raining, but the usual winter gloom hung low. Everything, the people, the houses, the half-dozen trees, the sky — entangled apparently in the topmost twigs of the latter — appeared clad in the prescribed soot-colored livery of a London December day. We were crossing the corner of Bedford Square, the long unlovely length of Gower Street, more like a smoke-filled funnel than a street, stretching before us, when all at once the loud banging of a door, nearly upon a level with our heads, caused us both to start and give a momentary glance upwards.

At the door of one of the larger houses we were just then passing stood John Hargrave, having evidently just issued from the house, and being upon the point of descending the steps. Involuntarily I glanced at Miss Bonson, and could see that a color had sprung to her cheeks. At the same instant Hargrave himself caught sight of us.

"Hullo, Dol!" he exclaimed. "This is luck! Do you know I was going —"

The sentence never got any further, for his eyes had by this time travelled to my companion, and with a start he had hurried down the steps, and was shaking hands with her, and having ascertained our destination and declared it to be also his own, the next minute saw us all three

proceeding side by side down Gower Street.

How far the others did or did not share the feeling I cannot say, but I am bound to own that I felt, not merely annoyed — that was inevitable — but moreover embarrassed by this most unexpected encounter. For the life of me, too, I could not shake off a ridiculous feeling of having somehow or other behaved badly towards Hargrave, and that moreover Miss Bonson knew it, and was at that moment thinking of it — “Most people, I imagine, could be generous upon seventy thousand a year!” That unluckily worded sentiment of my own seemed imp-like to dance before my eyes, and take a malicious pleasure in repeating itself over and over in my ears.

It must have been, I think, that I was hungry, having again gone too long that day without luncheon; at least, that is the only way in which I can now account for the idiotic fashion in which this idea seemed to take possession of me, rendering me utterly incapable of taking any part in the conversation. Miss Bonson too scarcely spoke, Hargrave, on the other hand, rattling on with unusual volubility. He had only arrived in London, he told us, the day before; he had been yachting most of the summer, and had taken a run then to America and Canada, from which he had only just got back. There were not many foot passengers, still the pavement was too narrow for three to walk abreast on with any comfort, and accordingly I presently fell back and allowed the other two to keep ahead of me.

Having unfortunately walked to the Museum that morning, I had to stop and get a ticket, while the others passed on at once to the platform, and by the time I reached it the train also had arrived, and every one was scrambling into carriages. I followed hastily, but an idiotic crowd of women rushing against one another and in everybody else's way, blocked my path, and by the time I reached the compartment in which the other two had taken their places it was already crammed to overflowing. I suppose I looked blank, for Miss Bonson murmured something apologetic; there was nothing to be done, however, and not a moment to lose. I must either get in somewhere else, or consent to be left behind. Accordingly I scrambled into a compartment a little further down, the train being then already in motion.

By this time I felt — as any man would, I think, have felt under the circumstances!

I was thoroughly disgusted with Hargrave, displeasure having entirely taken the place of those other, and very unreasonable feelings I have been describing. What diabolical fate had brought the man back at that most inopportune moment, I thought indignantly; worse still had sent him to Bedford Square of all places in the world, and upon that particular afternoon of all afternoons in the year! Had she not gone out of her way to show him as plainly as any woman ever showed any man that she was not to be wooed by him? Ought there not to come *some* point when a man ceases to importune a woman, and accepts his dismissal, if not in good part at all events as inevitable? I was vexed too with myself, feeling that I had been acting the part of an idiot. Probably Miss Bonson had looked to me for support, feeling that I stood there temporarily in the place of her guardian, and how had I acted? I had simply stood aside and had allowed Hargrave to step in; and now with that absence of tact which was one of his primary characteristics, he was probably seizing upon the opportunity to torment the poor girl afresh with his importunities.

By this time we had nearly completed that gigantic circuit which all who travel by this branch of our metropolitan system enjoy, and were nearing the Sloane Square station. Before alighting, however, it struck me that it would be as well to make perfectly sure that the others did get out there, as were I to alight and then find out too late that they had gone on to Victoria, the case would be worse than ever. So, in point of fact, it seemed; although the platform was soon crowded, amongst the very unattractive-looking throng which began clustering towards what by comparison may be called the open air, I failed to discover any one at all resembling Miss Bonson. Congratulating myself upon my forethought, I had just settled back into my seat and the train had just got into motion, when I caught sight of two figures rather behind the rest, which were at that moment side by side ascending the stairs — more indeed than side by side, for they were actually arm in arm; nor did it require a second glance to discern that they were no other than those of that young lady herself and my cousin Hargrave.

For an instant a wild idea of then and there precipitating myself from the train crossed my mind. Before there was time to carry it into execution however, it chanced that she turned round in order

to make some remark to her companion. Her veil was now pushed back, and as she did so a sudden smile — rapid, subtle, telltale — flitted momentarily over her face.

Has it ever, I wonder, happened to a man to go on all his life acting upon some fixed idea — one which colored every thought and lent its own hues to everything he said, or did, or heard? and has it happened to him suddenly to perceive that this same fixed idea of his — the one upon which all the rest hung — had been from the very beginning of things based upon a fallacy? If such a man ever existed, and if such a revelation as this ever came to him, his feelings must, I think, have been not at all unlike what mine were at that instant.

How I reached home, and what precisely I have been doing or saying since, I should find it remarkably difficult to give any coherent account of. I conclude that I have not behaved very differently from usual, since no one has called my attention to the fact, but beyond that my consciousness upon the subject remains a blank. Go where I will I am haunted, pursued, irritated by an endless succession of ideas, each more exasperating and inconsequent than the last. All the scenes and persons of the last few days, and all the scenes and persons of last spring in Algiers seem to rise and dance confusedly together before my eyes. Hicklebury and FitzMontagu Biggs, Tummins and the woman in bombazine, the Château d'Oc, the tadpoles in the tank, the statues in the Museum, all seem swarming and buzzing like a crowd of infuriated bees whose hive has got overturned. Could I have been mistaken from the very beginning? Could she have cared for him always and only been hindered from showing it because, as he said himself, of his money, because of Mrs. Bonson's importunities, because of the apparent necessity which her own poverty created for her? Could all that seeming indifference, nay, dislike, have been nothing all the while but a blind — a more or less intentional throwing of dust in other men's eyes? I ask myself again and again.

Things of which at the time I took no heed — trifles hardly worth repeating or dwelling upon — keep now recurring over and over to my mind. That second time we met — the day we lunched at the old palm-fancier's, I have forgotten his name, and walked together afterwards in the

garden, I remember I observed — *à propos* of a resplendent Oriental apparition in white and crimson — what poor, insignificant-looking creatures all the other men looked beside him. "Not Mr. Hargrave!" she exclaimed abruptly, as if the idea was too utterly unpalatable to be entertained even for an instant. Other trifles, equally slight, but equally significant, keep recurring now to my mind, fitting together like the long dissociated pieces of a puzzle. Well, the pieces of the puzzle are together now; everything is done, fixed, settled, and no doubt they have talked everything over by this time; no doubt they have thoroughly compared notes with one another, and that my part of the drama has come pretty exhaustively under review. No doubt she has told him all about our quarrel the other day. What woman, indeed, that ever was born could resist such an opportunity of extolling herself at another person's expense? They are engaged, that much I know for certain, for I met that delightful little brother of hers yesterday in the street, and before I could escape he had shouted out the information to me across half-a-dozen other people. Hargrave is to be congratulated certainly upon his future relations. Indeed if half Simcox's report of them is true it will be — millionaire as he is — as much as he can do to satisfy their rapacity. Well, all that is nothing, and less than nothing happily to me. After what has taken place our meetings are not likely to be very frequent in the future; indeed it is evident to me that they are to the full as eager to avoid me as I can possibly be to avoid them. John, I begin now to perceive, has always secretly disliked me, and is therefore probably only rejoicing to find his antipathy, as he will of course hasten to say, justified.

December 11th. — At last a letter, or rather a few lines. I tear it open and read as follows: —

"DEAR DOL, — I am the happiest man in all England! You who were with me in Algiers will not, I think, need to be told why. Anyhow, mind, I count upon you to be my best man, so don't disappoint

"Your affectionate cousin,
"JOHN HARGRAVE.

"P.S. — By the way, what became of you the other day at the underground railway?"

From Temple Bar.

CLEMENTINA SOBIESKA.

TITULAR QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE,
AND IRELAND.

As long as there was a chance of his regaining the throne of England, James Stuart, called the Pretender, would have had no difficulty in finding a wife of suitable rank. But after the failure of his attempt in Scotland, and the death of Louis XIV., which lost him the support of France, he was held of little account by sovereigns with marriageable daughters. Yet his widowed mother and his many friends urged him to marry, seeing that he was the last of his family in the direct line. He was so inclined himself, and made proposals in various directions, though without success. At last the name of the princess Clementina Sobieska was suggested. She was granddaughter of the illustrious John Sobieski, king of Poland, and was fair and well-dowered. Although her father, Prince James Sobieski, had not been elected to the Polish throne on his father's death, he was connected by marriage with some of the leading royal families of Europe. He was uncle, through his wife, of Charles VI., emperor of Germany, who had appointed him governor of the province of Silesia.

It was in 1718 that the Pretender, then living at Rome, decided on seeking the hand of the princess Clementina. He wrote to General Arthur Dillon, one of his foremost adherents, announcing his intention, and directing that some trustworthy envoy should be chosen to carry the affair through. The English government, he pointed out, were bent on preventing his forming any powerful alliance, and were watching his movements jealously. It would be necessary, therefore, to use the utmost caution and secrecy. General Dillon was not long in making his selection. He chose Mr. Charles Wogan as a person in every way suitable for such a mission.

Charles Wogan was an Irishman of an ancient family—daring, adventurous, chivalrous. He was taken prisoner at Preston, three years before, while fighting in the cause of the Pretender, and committed to Newgate, whence he effected his escape. He afterwards entered the service of the king of Spain. It was during a visit he paid to Paris, that he was asked by General Dillon if he would undertake the mission to Prince Sobieski. Wogan was a man of some literary skill, and fourteen years after this he opened a corre-

spondence with Dean Swift, to whom he sent a brief history of his adventures, and specimens of his composition in English and Latin verse. In acknowledging these, the Dean of St. Patrick's declares the writer to have shown himself "a scholar, a man of genius and of honor." He expresses surprise, too, that such effusions should come from a soldier.

In these kingdoms [he writes] you would be a most unfashionable military man, among troops where the least pretension to learning, or piety, or common morals, would endanger the owner to be cashiered.

At this time, "a long and hopeless exile," to use his own words, had somewhat affected Wogan's spirits. He alludes to himself, in replying to the dean, as "a grave, sullen fellow, that has been one of the merriest fellows in Europe."

Wogan, indeed, may have become grave and sullen in 1732; but in 1718, the period with which we are now concerned, he was nothing of the sort. He was delighted at this opportunity of again proving his devotion to the Pretender—or the Chevalier de St. George, to give him the title by which he was known abroad. A brief conference with Dillon and some other leading Jacobites, and the matter was settled. In order that his movements should excite no suspicion, Wogan did not proceed straight to his destination, but wandered hither and thither to different capitals, making a short sojourn in each. At last he got to Ohlau, in Silesia, where dwelt Prince Sobieski. He was received with much distinction. A union with James Stuart seemed to the prince and princess a brilliant alliance for their daughter, since they looked confidently forward to his ultimately mounting the throne of England. The young Clementina herself had from her earliest childhood heard the story of the exiled family at St. Germain; but the doings of the Chevalier de St. George, about which there hung a certain romance, were a favorite theme with her. "She affected," we are told, "to be called by her playfellows queen of England, and the ladies of the court, seeing her extremely delighted with the title, still continued to call her so." She was now nearly seventeen, and though not exactly pretty, had a bright, intelligent countenance. On Wogan being presented to her, he told her that "she had hitherto enjoyed only an imaginary title, but he was sent to offer her a real one." The consent which her parents had already given to the Chevalier's proposal, she con-

firmed with a few modest words and a radiant smile. A form of marriage contract was next drawn up, which only wanted the signature of the Chevalier to be complete.

This done, Wogan proceeded to Bologna to inform the Chevalier, who was staying there, of the success of his mission. It was arranged that the Princess Sobieska, with her daughter and a few attendants, should follow him there soon. Had they done so, all might have gone well. But they took such a time in preparing for the journey, and procuring the bridal outfit, that the truth slipped out, and finally came to the knowledge of the English minister at Vienna. He instantly lodged a protest, calling upon the emperor's government to prevent the affair from proceeding further. It was of the utmost importance to the emperor, just then, to remain on good terms with England, as he hoped for assistance from her fleet in advancing his designs on Sicily. He therefore yielded to the representations made him, and desired Prince Sobieski to stop the match. But this mandate the prince had the temerity to disobey. His wife and daughter left Ohlau for Bologna unmolested. On hearing of their departure, the emperor was, or pretended to be, indignant. He deprived the prince of the governorship of Silesia, and talked of imprisoning him at Augsburg. The route expected to be taken by the princesses was watched; and on their reaching Innsbruck, they were arrested and conducted to a convent, directions being given that they should be kept there, in close confinement, till further orders.

Protestations against an act so arbitrary were received by the emperor from influential quarters. His mother* urged him to release the captives. Pope Clement XI., and the electors of Bavaria and Treves, did likewise. Under such pressure he began to waver, and explained to the English minister that

he could not in justice any longer detain a Princess of the Blood, who was actually contracted, and of consequence another man's property; and that if this marriage were dissolved, he did not apprehend of what real service it could be to the British Government, because the Chevalier would still have it in his power to marry elsewhere, and that would be attended with the same consequence.

A peremptory despatch from the secretary of state in England was the reply.

* Eléonore of Neuburg, widow of the emperor Leopold I., and sister of Princess Sobieska.

Therein it was declared that any step taken by the emperor to facilitate the marriage of the Pretender, must lead to a rupture between the courts of Vienna and London. The emperor's plea, that he was bound in conscience to deliver up another man's wife, was not listened to for an instant.

If [ran the official document] his Imperial Majesty's clergy can prevail upon him to consent to a marriage, which they pretend to be valid according to their canons, nobody can tell where their arguments and reasoning may end. With the same facility they may persuade him that he ought in conscience to assist that person to the possession of a Crown, whom he thought himself obliged to countenance in the obtaining of a wife.

The friendship of England was not to be forfeited, so the princesses remained prisoners of state. With them in the convent were the Countess Gabriel (*gouvernante* to the princess Clementina) and her two daughters, who appear to have undertaken the duties of waiting-women on the occasion. A man named Chateaudéau, "gentleman usher" to the elder princess, completed the party. The Chevalier was, it is stated, much distressed at the misadventure. He sent the faithful Wogan to Innsbruck, trusting implicitly to him to devise some means for setting one at least of the caged birds free. Wogan had no difficulty in obtaining an interview with Chateaudéau, who had liberty to pass in and out of the convent as often as he pleased. Divers plans of escape were discussed between them, that which seemed likeliest being that the youthful captive should be "let down by a ladder of ropes on the back side of the cloister, into a street which was not much frequented." Once there, Wogan undertook to make good her flight. The project was referred to Clementina herself, who, counselled by her mother, stated that she was prepared to do whatever her affianced husband wished; but that she must have her father's consent to her taking so hazardous a step. This seemed reasonable enough to Wogan, and he accordingly travelled to Ohlau, presented himself before Prince Sobieski, and obtained his Highness's full consent to the scheme. He had proceeded as far as Strasburg on his return, when he received from Chateaudéau the alarming news that the Chevalier had been seized by the emperor's troops at Voghera, and imprisoned at Milan. The report, however, was soon contradicted. It was true that Lords Mar and Perth, and others of his adherents,

had been so arrested; but the Chevalier himself had set off for Spain, intending to await there the issue of the expedition to England, under the Duke of Ormond. His departure (as was intended) made it appear to the Imperial government that he had abandoned his idea of marrying, and the princesses at Innsbruck were guarded with less harassing vigilance than before. Of this favorable circumstance, Wogan, still at Strasburg, was informed by Chateauveau, and he at once pronounced the present moment as that most suitable for their attempt. Unfortunately, in the Princess Sobieska, he had not an easy person to deal with. The necessity for immediate action dismayed her, and she caught at any excuse for delay. She now said that, before allowing her daughter to stir, she must have "another absolute order" from her husband. Wogan, no-wise discouraged, wrote to the prince stating the case. The prince answered that his daughter, "being engaged to the Chevalier, ought to follow his fortune:" he also addressed her and her mother, repeating this decision, and desiring them to be guided in everything by Wogan.

A regiment of Irish mercenaries had for some years been serving in the pay of the French government. It was commanded by General Arthur Dillon, already mentioned, and was now stationed at Schlestadt, between Strasburg and Colmar. Wogan knew every officer in the regiment from the general down; but to three of them, namely, Major Graydon, Captain Tool, and Captain Misset, he was actually related. He repaired to Schlestadt, saw these gentlemen, and found them quite prepared to join in any plan for aiding the princess Clementina to escape, and getting her to Bologna. Captain Misset was married, and it was agreed that his wife, who was half-Irish, half-French, should take part in the enterprise. "She was young," says Wogan, "had a sprightly turn of wit, and a conversation so engaging as could not fail to make her an acceptable companion to the princess." Wogan had already provided himself with a passport made out in the name of Count Cernes, a Flemish noble, supposed to be bound south with his family and servants. The Missets were to personate the count and countess; Wogan and the princess were to pass respectively as the countess's brother and sister; Graydon, Tool, and one Mitchell—a man who had been in the service of the Chevalier—were to be mounted attendants. "A strong travelling coach" was bought, "able to stand

the shock of so great a journey, provided with double braces, and spare tackle of all sorts, in case of accidents." Tool, it may be mentioned, spoke German fluently, and Mitchell Italian.

On the 17th April, 1719, the actors of the coming drama set out for Innsbruck, and got to a village two posts therefrom on the 24th. Here they halted, while two of their number, Misset and Mitchell, went forward to confer with Chateauveau, who had hit upon a fresh plan of escape for the young princess. It seems he had established such friendly relations with the porter of the convent as to obtain that worthy's leave to bring a woman into the building at any hour of the night, and conduct her out again, unquestioned. Now Mrs. Misset had a maid with her, by name Jenny—"a girl of a pleasant comical humor in her way, and one whom her mistress put a confidence in." Chateauveau's plan was that he should bring Jenny into the convent on the night of the 27th: that Jenny should take the place of the princess—occupying her room and bed, and in fact keeping up the deception as long as possible—while the princess, disguised as the maidservant, joined the friends awaiting her without. Jenny was not informed of the rank of the captive in whose release she was to assist. She believed her to be a rich heiress with whom Captain Tool was in love, and had resolved to carry off from the conventual seclusion to which some tyrannical relations had consigned her.

Whilst the performance was at some distance [writes Wogan] Jenny readily undertook to do everything we would have her, but when it came to the push, that she was to leave her mistress, and be cloistered up in the room of another, her heart began to fail. To spirit her up, we were obliged to make repeated protestations, and even solemnly swear, that she need not be under the least apprehension of danger; that in a very little time she should have her liberty again, and be then largely rewarded for the small trouble of so short a confinement. But the most powerful motive, and what seemed to fix her to our purpose, was a present of a rich suit of damask her mistress made her.*

The evening of the 27th had now arrived, and a most disagreeable evening it was. A fall of snow had been succeeded by a heavy rain-storm. The streets were a sea of mud. The wind whistled and

* Narrative of the Seizure, Escape, and Marriage, of the Princess Clementina Sobiesky, as it was particularly set down by Mr. Charles Wogan (formerly one of the Preston prisoners), who was a chief manager in the whole affair. London, 1722.

raved with ever-increasing fury. Wogan and his confederates, with their travelling carriage, had ventured to enter Innsbruck early in the afternoon, and had taken up their quarters at an inn close to the bridge. All preparations had been made. Relays of six horses each were stationed in readiness at the four first stages on the road. Chateauveau had promised to come and fetch Jenny at half past ten. At eleven he appeared, charged with a message from the Princess Sobieska, who proposed that "in regard to the badness of the weather, and the darkness of the night, the intended flight should be postponed till towards morning." But Wogan would not hear of it. He explained that both tempest and darkness were in their favor, and that it would be madness to miss such an opportunity. With this opinion Chateauveau could not but agree.

A party of four then set out towards the convent. Chateauveau and Graydon walked first; Wogan and Jenny followed. As they proceeded, Jenny heard Graydon drop the word princess. This startled her, and she stopped short, exclaiming,—

"Surely Captain Tool is not such a madman as to expect to carry off a princess! For my part, I would rather have no more to say to the business."

The others, however, "stopped her mouth with fresh protestations, and some pieces of gold." After that, she consented to go on. As they drew near the convent, Graydon quitted them, and walked slowly back towards the bridge, keeping a sharp look-out right and left. Wogan stationed himself at a street corner near the cloister, to await the coming of the fugitive. At the same time Chateauveau and Jenny disappeared through the gate.

About an hour and a half before this, the princess Clementina had supped in company with her mother and the Countess Gabriel. Very little was said during the meal. The elder princess looked pale and anxious, the younger strangely pre-occupied. They had not taken the countess into their full confidence, and she was therefore in ignorance of what was going to happen. After supper the princess Clementina complained of feeling unwell, and said she would go to bed. The countess and her daughters accompanied her to her room and helped her to undress. Before they left her she told them that if she felt no better next morning, she would not get up. As soon as they had gone, she redressed, and hastily wrote two letters intended to clear those she was leaving of any complicity in the affair. In the

first of these, addressed to her mother, she affirmed that, engaged as she was to the Chevalier, it would be dishonorable on her part not to join him, now that she had the chance. In the second, addressed to her *gouvernante*, she apologized for not divulging her intentions, but added that the necessity for secrecy must be her excuse. She next made up her jewels in a small parcel. While so occupied, Chateauveau came to the door, to tell her that her substitute Jenny had arrived. She begged of him to wait a few moments, and ran on tiptoe to her mother's room. Hitherto excitement had supported her, but now that the moment of parting was come, her heart sank. She controlled her voice with an effort, yet the words sounded falteringly,—

"My dearest mother, I am just going, and must ask your blessing; the maid is come who is to take my place——"

She could say no more. She sank weeping at her mother's knees. The Princess Sobieska, deeply moved, locked her daughter in a close embrace, and so they remained silent for many minutes. A knock at the door startled them. It was again Chateauveau. He was growing impatient, and assured them that there was no time to spare.

Midnight had already sounded, and the storm was at its height, when the princess Clementina, wearing a long cloak of which Jenny had divested herself, and a fur-lined hood, passed by the unsuspecting porter, and out through the convent gates. Chateauveau escorted her so far, and called good-night after her in a loud voice, as a signal to Wogan, who at once sprang from his concealment. Clementina begged Wogan's pardon for having kept him waiting; but he was too flurried and anxious to invent a gallant reply. He offered her his arm, which she took, and they hurried forward through the rain. Near the bridge there was a wide, dirty kennel to cross. Wogan mistook a handful of straw floating in it for a stone. He directed the princess to step there. She obeyed, and sank over her ankles in mud. "I was under all the confusion imaginable at this accident," says he, "and going to make an apology; but her Highness only laughed, and was very merry upon it."

On reaching the inn, they found, to Wogan's annoyance, that the fire had been allowed to go out. It seemed hardly worth while to order more wood and rekindle it. Mrs. Misset therefore led the dripping Clementina to a bedroom, dried her feet with a sheet, and made her put

on fresh stockings and shoes. She also slipped over her ankles fur muffs belonging to Wogan and Graydon,* and wrapped her up in a dry cloak. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when the coach of the so-called Count Cernes rumbled away over the roughly paved streets of Innsbruck. The princess, Mrs. Misset, and Wogan, sat inside; Graydon was on the box next the driver; Misset and Mitchell rode on ahead; Tool, also mounted, came last. It was discovered, before they were clear of the town, that the princess's packet of jewels (of great value, by the way) had been left behind, and although she assured her companions that "if that was all that was wanting, they need give themselves no uneasiness," Tool put spurs to his horse, and galloped back to the inn. There he quickly found the packet, and soon after restored it to its owner.

The ascent of the Brenner Pass was a tedious business. The horses tugged and stumbled, yet managed to progress. To the minds of the travellers, the possibility of their being pursued was ever present. At Brixen, where they arrived at five o'clock on the evening of the 28th, they learned to their disgust, that the Margravine of Baden, with a numerous retinue, had just passed through on her way to Rome. This, it was felt, would be a heavy tax on the supply of fresh horses, and in fact, a few stages on, the only ones they could obtain were the jaded beasts which, a short time before, had been unharnessed from the margravine's carriages.

Her companions were anxious that the princess should try to get a little sleep, for she had not closed her eyes since she left Innsbruck; but so far from being sleepy, she was feverishly awake, and put strings of questions to Wogan respecting England, the customs of the country, the dress and appearance of Englishwomen, and so forth. She also took her first lesson in the language, by committing some words and phrases to memory. After this, she made him relate to her his experiences at Preston, and those of her future husband when in Scotland four years before. "The pleasure she took in hearing these martial stories," we are told, "showed her to be the genuine spring of the great Sobieski." At daybreak on the 29th they were approaching Trent, a town which it was desirable to get through with as little delay as possible. But it was here that their progress was most retarded. The

governor, to whom their passport was submitted, eyed it long and suspiciously through his spectacles, alleging that "he was very much mistaken if he had not seen that passport before in other hands." At last this difficulty was got over; but the governor had not done with them yet. He made such a fuss about granting them an order for fresh horses, that several precious hours were wasted. At Roveredo, their next halting-place,

The Princess found herself a little indisposed, and ordered some tea to be made, which they gave her in a porringer that smelt of oil; but being very thirsty, she drank it as if it had been the best in the world.

And now commenced a succession of accidents trying enough to the patience and temper of the travellers. As they jolted along, the axletree broke, and the coach subsided with such force as to deposit its occupants in a heap in one corner. By the joint efforts of Wogan and Graydon, some sturdy peasants assisting them, the axletree was mended after a fashion. A couple of the peasants were hired to walk on either side of the vehicle, and lend a shoulder to support it in case of need. This mishap did not shake Clementina's equanimity. She declared that "a little patience would soon overcome all," and then laying her weary head on a cushion, slept soundly — so soundly, indeed, that she was not awakened when the damaged axletree gave an ominous crack, and the coach broke down a second time. She was lifted out by Graydon, who inadvertently allowed her feet to dip into a puddle, which, in the darkness of the night, he had not observed. The contact with cold water aroused her, and she exclaimed with drowsy good-humor: "What say you to this, Wogan, who always find stepping-stones to wet me? This was a little unlucky, for I never slept better in my life."*

Fortunately the town of Ala was only half a mile off. The princess and Mrs. Misset, attended by Graydon, proceeded there on foot, leaving Wogan, Mitchell, and the two countrymen, to do what they could with the coach. The inhabitants of Ala had gone to rest, and it was by a mere chance that Graydon discovered a wheelwright, who undertook to construct, and

* It was the fashion for men to carry muffs at that time.

* These instances of Clementina's spirit and endurance remind one of the conduct of her son Bonnie Prince Charlie, in Scotland, twenty-eight years afterwards. It was said of him that "he could eat a dry crust, sleep upon straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five."

fit to the coach, a fresh axletree by seven next morning. Wogan, however, who shortly appeared, was strongly opposed to the princess remaining in the place till then. By accomplishing another six miles, she would reach Peri, in the Venetian territory, and be out of danger. Upon this, the wheelwright offered to place at their service a little open cart, a regular box on wheels, big enough to hold two people and a driver.

The offer was seized, and in this primitive conveyance the princess and Mrs. Misset were driven by Graydon to Peri. The motion of the cart was anything but easy; yet the intrepid Clementina dropped her head on Mrs. Misset's shoulder, and completed the slumber so rudely interrupted before. On getting to Peri, the first thing she did was to attend mass, "and offer God thanks for her escape and safety." Not a room was to be had at any of the inns, the Margravine of Baden and her retinue occupying them all. Quarters were found though, at last, in the house of a civil townsman, and there the two ladies lay down in their clothes, and slept for some hours.

Captains Tool and Misset had detached themselves from the main party before reaching Trent, and followed at a distance of two stages. On nearing the limit of the emperor's dominions, they pressed forward, and rode into Peri only four hours later than their friends. They had then an exciting story to tell, which proved that their having remained as a rear guard was no idle precaution. It seemed they had spent the evening, on which those in advance were making their way through Trent, at a small post-house some three hours' ride short of that town. While there, a courier mounted on a horse covered with foam dashed into the yard, and, entering the inn, ordered supper. He was soon in conversation with our two officers, and confided to them the fact that he had ridden from Innsbruck with an order to the governor of Trent, instructing him to stop a certain princess who was escaping into Italy. Thereupon the captains invited the courier to drink at their expense, and wine well doctored with brandy was brought in. "In a little time," says Wogan, "the poor German was in such a pickle that he was fitter to go to bed than to get a-horseback." Presently he subsided into a deep drunken slumber, upon which his entertainers mounted, and rode at full speed into Trent. They were detained there for some hours by the governor (who made the usual difficulty about horses), and

were meantime in considerable fear lest the "poor German" should come to life and overtake them. But they got away before he appeared; and once on the road, as may be supposed, they lost no time.

In the afternoon, the whole party dined together at the house where the princess was lodging. "Her Highness," we are informed, "was wonderfully delighted to find all her company together again, and to hear that her coach was in good order." The story of the courier amused her immensely, but convinced her that it would be unwise to make any longer stay even at Peri. She therefore signified her desire that the journey should be resumed the same evening. To the coachman who had driven them from Trent, and was about returning there with his horses, she gave a handsome gratuity, telling him with a smile "to present to the governor the compliments of a lady who had no time to visit him herself as she came through, for reasons that he would soon be informed of."

The genial climate of Italy, the variety of the scenery, the sense that all danger of pursuit was over, and lastly the prospect of a speedy meeting with the Chevalier, whom she expected to find awaiting her at Bologna, raised the spirits of the princess to the highest pitch. Sometimes, at a hill, she, and those in the coach with her, would get out and walk a bit. She would then run on ahead like an impatient child. Her disappointment may be imagined when, on getting to Verona, she was informed by a messenger that the Chevalier was in Spain. Her first wish was to set out for Madrid to join him; but when it was represented to her that, though safe on land, her Imperial cousin might effect her capture at sea, she gave up the design. At Bologna, the travellers met with a singular instance of unrestrained curiosity on the part of some ladies of the place. A report got about that a lovely Flemish noblewoman, accompanied by her equally lovely sister, had arrived. Immediately, "on pretence of inquiring after their friends in Flanders," a number of Bolognese dames repaired to the house in which the strangers had taken up their quarters, and demanded admission. Their object was really to stare at them, chat with them, examine their apparel, and then walk off and talk about them. Neither the princess nor Mrs. Misset (both in travelling guise, and tired to death) were at all in a humor to face such an ordeal. They begged of Wogan to make their ex-

cuses. Wogan was equal to most emergencies, but he found it no easy job to deal with the ladies of Bologna. They coaxed, urged, protested. He assured them that the Countess Cernes and her sister were in bed asleep. Upon this, the ladies of Bologna retired murmuring.

During her stay here, the princess remained *incognita*, revealing her rank and name only to Cardinal Origo, the pope's legate, with whom she had several interviews. On the 9th May she was married by proxy, Mr. Murray of Broughton, who came from Rome on purpose, representing the Chevalier. The nuptial benediction was pronounced by the cardinal. After this, she proceeded to Rome, where she was received with the utmost honor by the pope. The Chevalier did not make his appearance till the following September, when he and his bride were married in person with due solemnity. They installed themselves in the Palazzo dei Santi Apostoli.

The Chevalier was at first much pleased with his wife, and, in a letter to General Dillon, described her as possessing "the loveliness of seventeen, and the good sense of thirty." He had a medal struck to commemorate her escape. On one side was her head in profile with this inscription: "Clementina Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland;" on the other, the figure of a woman in a triumphal car drawn by galloping horses—very unlike the real ones. Above the figure were the words, "Fortunam, causamque sequor;" beneath, "Deceptis custodibus, 1719." Another medal was struck in December of the following year, on the occasion of the birth of their eldest son, Prince Charles.

An English traveller, who was at Rome in 1721, has left, in a letter dated the 6th May, an entertaining account of the Chevalier, his wife, and their infant heir. He was invited to dine at the Palazzo dei Santi Apostoli, and, though anything but a Jacobite at heart, was favorably impressed by his distinguished entertainers.

I took notice at table [he writes] that the Pretender ate only of English dishes, and made his dinner of roast beef, and what we call Devonshire pie; he also prefers our March beer, which he has from Leghorn, to the best wines.

He continues:—

After we had eaten and drunk very heartily, the Princess told us we must go to see her son, which could not be refused. He is really a fine promising child, and is attended by En-

glish women, mostly Protestants, which the Princess observed to us, saying, that as she believed he was to live and die among Protestants, she thought fit to have him bred up by their hands; and that in the country where she was born, there was no other distinction but that of honest and dishonest. These women, and particularly two Londoners, kept such a racket about us, to make us kiss the young Pretender's hand, that, to get clear of them as soon as we could, we were forced to comply. The Princess laughed very heartily, and told us she did not question but the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early an acquaintance with her son. I thought myself under a necessity of making her the compliment, that being hers, he could not miss being good and happy.*

The domestic felicity of James and Clementina was of short duration. After the birth of their second son, Henry, there were constant dissensions between them. James had a numerous household consisting mainly of Scotch partisans. He would not have been a Stuart if he had not had favorites. Just now, his prime favorite was Colonel John Hay, whom he appointed his secretary of state, and created Earl of Inverness.† Mrs. Hay—"a mere coquette," according to Lockhart, "tolerably handsome, but withal prodigiously vain and arrogant"—was quite as important a personage at the mock court as her husband. Rumor had it that there was an improper intimacy between James and her; but of the truth of this there seems slight proof. The Hays were not the sort of people to relinquish authority easily. Clementina, who had spirit and a desire for power, found them meddlesome and encroaching. She quickly conceived an unmeasured dislike to them both. She made a confidant of a certain Mrs. Sheldon, who held the post of governess to little Prince Charles. Mrs. Sheldon, becoming obnoxious to the Hays, was, at their instigation, removed from the household. Clementina was deeply incensed at this; but a more serious cause for complaint arose when the child's education was entrusted by the Chevalier to Mr. Murray, Mrs. Hay's brother. Murray was

* Mr. A. C. Ewald, in his "Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart," says that the writer of this letter was Lord Blandford,—or rather, Lord Rialton, as he then was, son of Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, who became Duchess of Marlborough in her own right, on the death of her father, the first duke. This Lord Blandford did not live to inherit the family honors. Others affirm that the writer was a young clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Spence, addressing his father. There is a printed copy of the letter in the library of the British Museum.

† Hay was third son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Kinross; his wife was Marjory, third daughter of the fifth Viscount Stormont.

a Protestant, and although, in her conversation with the English traveller above quoted, Clementina intimated her consent to her son being brought up in that faith, it would seem that she had now changed her mind. She wrote representing the case to Cardinal Paolucci:—

A Protestant has been appointed Governor to my eldest son, by which his religion is endangered, and heretical notions may be infused into him.

At the close of the year 1725, instigated, it is supposed, by her Jesuit advisers, Clementina called upon the Chevalier to dismiss the Hays, and declared that if he did not, she would retire into a convent. He refused. She was not long in carrying out her threat. While taking the air one day, as usual, in a state carriage, she had herself driven to the Dominican Convent of St. Cecilia, which she entered, and did not leave for eighteen months. She wrote thence to her sister* in the following terms:—

Mr. Hay and his lady are the cause why I am retired into a convent. Their unworthy treatment of me has, in short, reduced me to such an extremity, and I am in such a cruel situation, that I had rather suffer death than live in the King's palace with persons that have no religion, honor, nor conscience; who, not content with having been the authors of so fatal a separation between the King and me, are continually teasing him, every day, to part with his best friends, and his most faithful subjects. This at length determined me to retire into a convent, there to spend the rest of my days in lamenting my misfortunes, after having been fretted for six years together by the most mortifying indignities and affronts that can be imagined.†

The royal quarrel afforded gossip to all Rome. Clementina's side was taken by the whole papal hierarchy. Indeed, so generally condemned was James that he thought proper to publish a memorial in his own defence. He wrote repeatedly to reason with his wife.

You cannot have forgotten [he says in one of his letters] that three years ago, seeing that Lord Inverness‡ was disagreeable to you—though how or why, I could not discover—I took from him, at his own request, the management of the household, so that, since that time, it has not been possible for him to give you any subject of complaint; and since that period his wife has not approached you, except when you have asked for her; so that the prejudices which you entertain towards them at

present are the most incomprehensible things in the world.

But he urged in vain. On condition alone that the Hays were dismissed, would Clementina leave her retreat. James could be stubborn too. "I would not purchase even my restoration," he vowed, "at the price of being the queen's slave." At length prudence induced him to yield. He was assured that his political interests in England suffered by the continuance of this scandal. Moreover there seemed a danger of his losing a pension of twelve thousand scudi allowed him by the court of Rome. The Hays, therefore, who for long had been pressing for leave to retire, were permitted to do so.

Clementina now threw aside the garb of a Dominican nun, and re-entered a world for which she had lost all taste. The austerities practised in the convent had injured her health. Her temper was hopelessly soured. There was no real reconciliation between her and her husband. Had she still been disposed to be jealous, his notorious infidelities would have given her cause. Her latter days were passed in seclusion, "varied," we are told, "by a devout practice of the forms and ceremonies of the Romish Church." Keyssler, the German traveller, saw the Pretender and her when in Rome in 1730. After giving us a highly unflattering portrait of the former, he says:—

The Princess is too pale and thin to be thought handsome. She seldom stirs abroad unless to visit a convent. She allows her servants no gold or silver lace on their liveries; this proceeds from what is called her piety, but is partly owing to ill-health.

How changed a being from the light-hearted, courageous girl who, only eleven years before, had fled from Innsbruck, fondly imagining that unalloyed happiness was in store for her!

She died on the 18th January, 1735, aged thirty-three. Her funeral, the expenses of which were borne by the Apostolic Chamber, was conducted on a scale of great magnificence, as is shown by the account of it published in the *Giornale di Roma*. The interior of St. Peter's was draped in black and silver, and illuminated by countless torches and wax candles. At intervals along the walls of the choir hung shields bearing inscriptions recording the good deeds and virtues of the deceased princess. The simplest among them is thus conceived:—

The crown she merited,
And valued most,
She has found in Heaven.

* Carolina Sobieska, Marquise de Turenne.

† Lockhart Papers.

‡ Colonel Hay.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MRS. DYMOND.

BY MRS. RITCHIE.

CHAPTER I.

BEACON FIRES.

ONE September evening a bonfire was burning high up near the summit of Tarn-dale Crag in the Lake Country. The fire burnt clear, with keen flames piercing the dying light. The smoke went spiring gently into the air, the fading sky was wide and tenderly serene above the moor and the lake below, where the waters, still flushed with sunset, came rippling from afar, washing against the rocks and the placid slopes of meadow land. All about Crowbeck Place the chestnuts and the ash trees had lit up their autumnal bonfire of yellow and russet flame, but it was for the marriage of summer and winter, and not in honor of Susanna's wedding-day, that they were flaring. Meanwhile, Crowbeck Place, the white house by the lake, was making ready for its new mistress; it stood with shining windows and new-mown lawns, gleaming between gardens and meadows that slope to the water-side. Farther on was Bolsover Hall, wrapped in an ivy cowl, and also illumined, with many windows repeating the west; and then in the distant shadow rose Friars Tarn-dale, the fine old home of the lords of Tarn-dale, all shuttered and abandoned.

The hills beyond Tarn-dale were already in purple and shadow; the upper end of the lake was still alight; a fisherman's boat was patiently bobbing up and down, and trying to complete its daily count of fish, doomed from their cool depths into the frying-pans of the neighboring gentry. But the lights perhaps frightened the fish, for the fisherman pulled grumbling to shore before recrossing the water on his way home to the village.

The people living in the houses along the lake-side came to their cottage doors, and looked across the water towards the bonfire flaming on the opposite moor. 'Twould be for the colonel's wedding, they said, and they wondered "what sort the new ledly was like." Mrs. Barrow, the fisherman's wife, standing in her doorway, with convolvulus hanging overhead and three curly-headed little urchins clinging to her knees, told Mrs. Tyson from the Lake Farm that she wondered to see the lights, for her master told her Miss Bolsover had sent orders from the Ha' to "do away wi' the bonfires. The squire himsel' had the faggots carted up, but

Miss Bolsover said she would na' ha' a bleeze."

Mrs. Tyson, a martial figure with a basket on either arm and a straw bonnet fiercely cocked, replied, with a laugh, "that it was na' to be wondered at if the family at the Ha' did na' favor the new wife, considering their relationship to the old one." And so the two voices chattered on, gossiping peacefully to a romantic accompaniment of evening, of distant echoes, to the rush of the stream under the little stone bridge hard by. Mrs. Tyson was a sturdy cynic; Mrs. Barrow, who was a peaceable woman, taking a friendly view of people and events, tried to find excuses for both. "Miss Bolsover might surely be a bit fashed; she who had been a mither so long to the colonel's two children at the Place and to Mr. Charles at the Ha' as well; it was hard to gi' all up to another—and Miss Bolsover hersel' such an uncommon spirited ledly."

"Mr. Josselin and Miss Tempy will be thinking they've had eno' o' mithers now," says Mrs. Tyson dryly, with a hitch at the baskets. "M'appen Tempy 'll be for taking a husband instead, now her father's bringing hoam a bride."

"Some fwoik do meak a fuss and a bodderment," says Mrs. Barrow; "Miss Tempy and the new Mrs. Dymond are gran' friends sure-ly. Mrs. Dymond is scarce older than Miss Tempy hersel'."

"More's the pity," says Mrs. Tyson sternly. "Many a young lass will tak' an old man for his brass. My Jane would ha' wedded wi' old Roger Hathwaite if it had na' been for our warnings. Her feyther said he wad tak' the stick to her if she had onything to do wi' that old foxy chap."

"Eh! but the colonel is a good gentleman and Crowbeck is a pretty place," says Mrs. Barrow, "wi' flowers in the gardens and ripe fruit on the wa'. Eh! Tim!" And the mother proudly patted one of her curly heads.

"Miss Tempy gied us pearrn and applen out o' t' gairden," says shrilly Tim, grinning and joining in the conversation.

"And Miss Tempy's auntie cam oop and said we werrn't to have'n," cries curly Tom, at the pitch of his voice; "and Miss Tempy she bade us rin hoam quick wi' what we gotten."

"Ah! Miss Tempy is a Dymond, and na' niggard, like the Bolsovers," says Mrs. Tyson, with a last hoist of the baskets. "I should na' like Miss Bolsover o'er my head. My goodness! she will raise a rout to see the fire: I dinna ken

who can ha' kinnelled it!" Mrs. Tyson's speculations suddenly ended in a sort of gulp; two figures had come up silently, mysteriously, as figures do when darkness is falling.

"It's well for you, Mrs. Tyson, that you don't know," said a boy's voice, speaking in hollow tones.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Tyson," cries a second voice, that of a laughing girl. "Whoever lit the fire will get five shillings by coming up to the Place and asking for me. Good evening, Mrs. Barrow; I hope Tom and Tim have been good boys to-day." And the two young people walk on — a very young man and a very young woman. The girl kirtled in crimson, active, with a free, determined air; the boy, a slim, sandy youth, with a red face and shabby clothes and gaiters. He looks like a gentleman, for all his homely clothes and ungainly ways. There is also that friendly family look between them which shows they are brother and sister.

"Whoever ken't Mr. Josselin and Miss Tempy were stannin' thear! I thowt they were goasts," cries Mrs. Tyson, and she strides off to her own home somewhat crestfallen.

Meanwhile the brother and sister had stopped for a minute upon the bridge down below, and stood breathing in the peaceful evening. Even eager young souls just beginning life are sometimes a little tired, and glad of the approach of twilight with her starry steps and resting sights; colors dying, workaday noises silenced one by one, natural echoes sounding clearer and more distinct — night approaching. They could hear the fresh roar of the torrent dashing against the weed-grown rocks below, and then the sleepy chirp of the birds overhead in their nests and the rustling of branches, and far-away echoes of dogs and lowing cows travelling homewards. The scattered cottages along the stream were lighting up their lattices one by one, the flowers were giving out their last evening perfumes before being blown out for the night. As the sunset died away out of the sky, the distant bonfire seemed to burn brighter and brighter.

"So Mrs. Tyson doesn't know who lit the fire," says Tempy with a laugh. "She generally knows everything. Jo! how could you frighten her so? People mustn't say we didn't want the bonfires lit. It seems disrespectful to papa and to Susanna too." Josselin Dymond didn't answer, but hung over the old stone parapet with his hands in his pockets, whistling

the hunting chorus out of the "*Freischütz*."

"I wish you and Charlie would not whistle from morning to night," cries the suddenly indignant Tempy. "You let everything go on; you allow papa to be insulted, you don't interfere when you ought to speak, you leave me to bear the brunt of it all. You never said a word this morning when Aunt Fanny countermanded the bonfire, and you just stand whistling, and think that is all you have to do in life," cries the sister.

Josselin looked at her with an odd, half-amused expression, and a gleam in his blue eyes.

"I'm sorry you ain't pleased with us, Tempy. We quite agreed with you, but you and Aunt Fanny made such a noise it was impossible to get in a word. We did our best, and — and — it *wasn't* George Tyson who lit the fire. You can give me the five shillings if you like."

"What, *you*?" Tempy cried confusedly. "But the fire is on Crowbeck Down and you are *here*, Jo."

"I came over in the fisherman's boat just before you met me," said her brother. "Look! There's Charlie's beacon lighting too," and as he spoke another gleam began to shine on one of the further peaks, like a bright red star rising upon the dark line of the moor.

"Oh, Jo! what will Aunt Fanny say?" says Tempy, half-terrified, half-triumphant.

"Uncle Bolsover will catch it," says Jo philosophically. "He always does."

Jo and Tempy Dymond walked on without another word along the road that leads by the head of the lake to Bolsover Hall and to the Place beyond the Hall. Their steps quicken as they reach the park gates, but they are encountered by a stout, shadowy, agitated figure evidently on the look-out for them.

"Here you are at last! Been looking for you everywhere. Heard you were in the village," says the squire mysteriously, and hurrying up. "Terrible upset up here — most distressing. Tempy, you can often soothe your aunt; go up at once, there's a good girl — she's hysterical; we don't know what to do with her. My wife has sent me down for Jeffries. Some mistake about lighting up the beacons quite upset poor Fanny. Good heavens! there's another of the dam things," cries the poor squire, catching sight of the second illumination.

Tempy, conscience-stricken, turns to her brother. Can he have the face to laugh?

"Oh! Uncle Bolsover, I—I'm very sorry," says Jo. "You musn't mind my laughing—I'm really very sorry. I thought my father would wish the bonfires lighted, as it is the custom down here, even though Aunt Fanny countermanded them—perhaps she won't mind so much if I go and tell her it's not *you*. I mean that we—that Charlie and I——" Jo was getting somewhat confused.

The squire stopped short, looked from Josselin to Tempy, buttoned himself up tightly. "Perhaps you had better let Tempy break it to her," says the cowardly Bolsover. "You—you might come with me for the doctor, Jo."

"No, I'll have it out," says Jo, setting off running up the sweep as hard as his long legs could carry him. He did not stop to ring, but hurried in by the back way and by the familiar passage to the door of Aunt Fanny's sitting-room. Charles Bolsover used to call his Aunt Fanny's boudoir the harem. The morning had been stormy, but the morning's discussions were as nothing compared to the evening's. The curtains were drawn to keep out the odious reflection of the lights without. Teapots, coffee-cups, liqueur-stands, salts, fans, eau-de-Cologne, every soothing appliance seemed scattered in disorder about the place. Miss Bolsover was lying back, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bolsover, and two ladies' maids in attendance.

"Who is it?—what is it? Are you Doctor Jeffries?" screams the invalid wildly.

Jo walks in, half-penitent, half-defiant, and without further preamble confesses to his share of the catastrophe. Once more Miss Bolsover goes off into genuine hysterics; to be thwarted in any way always upsets her nerves, she says. All the cats and the dogs join the *mêlée*. For the second time that day Josselin Dymond rushes from the room, and as he opens the door gleams of the bonfires throw the shadows of the hall windows in great chequered squares upon the marble.

"Josselin!" says Mrs. Bolsover, following him from the room, "you had better go after your uncle, and tell him at once of your inopportune rejoicings. You have done enough to upset your aunt, even without the agitations of this ridiculous marriage, and do try and hurry up that Jeffries. He is never there when he is wanted," says Mrs. Bolsover, going back to her harassing duties, and smartly shutting the door.

Some very good people have a singular fancy for speaking severely of their neigh-

bors, for whom, if the truth were known, they feel no very special dislike. Mrs. Bolsover generally, and upon principle, blamed every one and everything, and yet it was but a habit of speech; she was one of the meekest of women. Aunt Fanny used rarely to blame, but to praise with many adjectives and exclamations, and yet somehow she was not meek, and they were all afraid of her. Her fat hand ruled both Crowbeck Place and Bolsover Hall, where Mrs. Bolsover, who had married late in life, had never assumed the reins of management. At the Place, Colonel Dymond naturally turned to his late wife's sister for sympathy, companionship, and advice. He trusted Mrs. Bolsover, who was his own sister, but he was a little shy with her—they were too much alike, both serious, sincere, reserved people, feeling much, but holding back where Miss Bolsover did not fear to rush in. As for the squire, the master of the house, the head of the Bolsover family, he was a fact rather than a person. He paid the bills, shot the pheasants, went on the box when it was convenient; he turned a lathe, and also steered a small steamer on the lake at one time, but this was not considered safe by the ladies, and the squire was made to return to the mainland again. He could photograph a little; he was passionately fond of waltzing, the young ladies were still glad of him as a partner in default of younger but not more active men. Mr. Bolsover liked dress, he twirled his moustachios, he walked with a curious, dancing step. He was called the squire by the country people, Uncle Bolsover by Jo and Tempy, Frederick by his wife and sister, Uncle Bol by Charlie Bolsover their nephew, who was supposed by many people to be the heir.

Jo and Charlie were the only members of the family who ever set Aunt Fanny at defiance. They used sometimes to suggest rebellion to their uncle, but a gentle squeak was the nearest approach to a remonstrance that had ever been heard from Uncle Bolsover. Perhaps few people in this world had ever given less trouble to others than this kind and friendly little man; many of us may have laughed at him, but all who ever knew him have had a kindly regard for the squire. And yet it must be confessed that he was a coward, that in the presence of the *Vehmgericht* in the boudoir he scarcely dared show his own amiable predilections, among which must surely be reckoned the good-will and admiration he felt for the pretty young bride now expected at Tarndale.

CHAPTER II.

A WEDDING PARTY.

WHILE the fires were burning away on Tarndale Crag, and the discussions also flaming up and dying away, as discussions do, while the people at the Hall and round about the lakeside were speculating as to her motives, the bride had turned to her mother with tears and many parting looks of love and farewell. She involuntarily shrunk away from her stepfather Mr. Marney's embrace, but she held her little brothers close in her kind arms with kisses and promises of happy things, of letters and gifts, of long summer holidays to be spent at Crowbeck Place, all together, with her husband the colonel's full sanction and approval.

The two little boys had been to the wedding in bran-new jackets and trousers — the gift of their elderly brother-in-law. Except for this unusual magnificence all had been quiet enough. The colonel's family was in England, as we know, and Susanna had no one to invite. Her mother gave her away. The only other witness was Madame du Parc, Mrs. Marney's faithful old *confidante* and landlady, looking like a picture out of a second-rate fashion-book, in her *cachemire* and *chapeau à plumes* and lemon kid gloves. After long years in France, Madame du Parc had grown to look more completely a French woman than if her British antecedents had never existed. There is some curious process of amalgamation which makes our adopted habits often seem more marked and individual than those we are naturally born to. Madame's French was more volatile, her English more broken, than if she had been born in the Faubourg, instead of at Pollok, N.B.; her clothes, *chaussons*, *camisoles*, were completely and entirely characteristic of a French *bourgeoise*. The *chapeau à plumes* was purchased for the occasion of Susanna's marriage; as for the famous *cachemire*, madame had worn it at her own wedding some thirty years before, when, as a governess, she had married the mathematical master of the school where she had taught so long. Susanna was not dressed out of a fashion-book, but she looked very charming. The little brothers opened their round eyes to see Sister Susy a grand lady. "Zat is 'ow I likes to see 'errr!" says Madame du Parc to the children — "*à la bonheur! hein! hein!*"

The children could hardly recognize their sister in the grand lady in the shining gown, with a carriage waiting and a

husband in attendance, who took leave of them in a feathery bonnet; but her kisses and her tears were the old ones all unchanged, and so were her smiles and her kind eyes. How much nicer she looked in her wedding dress than in the rusty black gown she had worn so long after she came from England! But she had put off her old clothes and her mourning on her wedding-day, and to please the colonel she had donned her silk attire. At Neuilly, as in Tarndale, it was thought a great match for Susanna, when it was known that she was marrying Colonel Dymond. The *épicière*, the washerwoman, the *mercière*, next door, were only translating Mrs. Barrow's gossip into French as they stood in the shady avenue waiting to see the carriage drive off with the bride and bridegroom. The difference between their ages was as great as that between their fortunes: she was twenty and penniless, he was within a year or two of sixty and rich enough to gratify all her fancies, as well as his own. One little back room at Madame du Parc's contained Susy's possessions — her work-box, and her desk, and the old hair trunk from her grandfather's rectory, which she had brought with her to Paris when he died and when she returned to her mother's home. But neither Crowbeck itself, nor the family mansion in Wimpole Street could hold the colonel's many belongings. It was natural that his relations should be vehement in their exclamations. Susanna had scarcely any relations to exclaim. There was her cousin, the country doctor, who was glad to hear of her comfortable prospects. As for her stepfather's cordialities, they were somewhat ominous; and the colonel, although a simple and unsuspicious person, instinctively felt that he should have to pay a good price for Mr. Marney's hearty congratulations. Susy's mother wept tears of mingled joy and sorrow for parting, and for happiness; and as for Susy herself, when she stood with her husband in the chapel, and put her hand into his, it was with grateful trust, it was with tender respect and admiration. The bitter experiences of the last year, during which she had been so unhappy in her stepfather's home, seemed condoned and forgotten. She felt that it was not for his money, it was for himself, for his goodness to herself, to her mother, to all of them, that she was marrying John Dymond, and she vowed to herself to be a good wife to him, to bring a true heart to him and his. A loving home, like that dear old home with her grandfather,

seemed hers once more. A happy life, a tender welcome, a good man's honor and love. Her love for her colonel was made up of many mingled feelings; gratitude, tenderness, glad submission—all had a part. He gave her peace and self-respect, the delight of helping those she loved, a society to which she was glad to suit herself more and more every day, conversation to which she and her mother listened with deep attention, and in perfect faith. Susy was leaving her mother's home; but Mrs. Marney and Susy herself felt that the secrets of that sad house were best borne unshared and unspoken. The poor girl, in her heart, had long since known that its martyrdom (for martyrdom it was) was made lighter, perhaps, by her absence. How many miserable days could she not count up when things went wrong, when Marney came home strange and excited, and Mrs. Marney anxiously hurried the children off to bed, and sent Susy out on long, distant expeditions, which would keep her away till nightfall. When he was at his best, in good humor, Marney was proud of his lovely stepdaughter, and would pay her compliments upon her beauty and high breeding, but he also instinctively guessed that she shrunk from him and had found him out, and she somehow felt that he hated her in return.

No flowers were scattered before the newly married people as they came away walking across the autumnal garden, followed by the little household of the villa; only the crisp fallen leaves rustled under their feet, a scent of September was in the air, some sudden dry soft breeze shook the branches overhead. Susy came with her hand in the colonel's arm. He already stooped a little, she walked erect and firm, trying to keep back her tears.

The horses in the carriage waiting outside in the road by the shabby green gates were already chafing when Susy got in, helped up the steps by Marney's officious hand. The little boys in their jackets waved their new caps and raised a sudden shrill shout. It was an unlucky shout, for it frightened some stray cock that had been perching on the branches of an old acacia tree overhanging the gate, the bird started up flapping its wings with a loud angry crow, the horses were frightened, and for a minute they were scarcely to be held in.

The colonel, who had lingered saying good bye to Mrs. Marney, rushed forward greatly alarmed for his bride, but Susy was too much absorbed to be frightened even by the untoward little incident.

"Good-bye, good-bye," she said, leaning forward, with all her heart going out to the mother she was leaving behind forever—so it almost seemed to her.

Afterwards Susanna remembered that as the carriage was driving away, a branch from the acacia tree fell to the ground with a crash, again startling the restive horses almost into a gallop.

Mrs. Marney, who was superstitious, became very pale.

Marney shrugged his shoulders as he turned, away with an odd expression on his handsome face.

"Old branches have to rot and to fall when the time comes," says he, with his Irish accent. "'Twill be a good thing for Susanna if she is left with a handsome jointure, Polly; I wish I could have got the colonel to sign a proper settlement. I suppose the old fellow was afraid of his family."

"*Allons donc!* It is not good to say such things at such moments. Oh, *par exemple, non,*" cries Madame du Parc, indignant with Marney for his cold-blooded cynicism. Before resuming her usual domestic *camisole* and ordinary habits, the good lady carefully examined the acacia tree. The branch, so she observed, had been partially sawn through, and furthermore she ascertained from her son Max, the engraver, on the occasion of his next visit to his home at Neuilly, that he himself had occasioned the mischief.

"The branch was dead, and I began to cut it away," he said, "but I was called off to a friend and forgot all about it."

"Oh, zose frens, they interrupts your work; they comes for no good; they stops, they smokes," says madame bitterly, speaking English as she usually did when she was excited; "that M. Jourde he was here again yesterday; he came with M. Caron. Does he not know I sees through 'im? M. Caron is different. He is a good fellow for all his absurdities, but I wish he would not ensorcelate you with them as he did your poor papa. Why could you not give up conspirations for once and come to the wedding, Max? The old colonel he look well considering, and that dear child was pretty like everything. You are going to London on that business of the catalogue—you should pay a visit of felicitation to the new married."

"I have no wish to see the colonel look his best, or to felicitate any one," said Max drily. "And, listen, mamma," he added, with some emphasis, "if you go on talking like this about me and my

friends, you will get me into some serious trouble."

Max, usually so gay and easy-going, looked vexed and thoroughly in earnest, so that his mother was frightened.

"*Allons donc ! par exemple,*" cried the poor lady once more. "Ah, you joke !"

"I am not joking," Max answered gravely; "these are bad times, and though you may not know it people are ready enough to suspect each other. Monsieur Marney is (so I have every reason to believe) in the pay of the police," and Du Parc raised his voice and looked towards the door. Was it a sudden breeze? The door which had been half open to the passage leading to the garden creaked a very little and seemed to move.

Madame's bright old eyes darted one quick glance at Max, and then she ran nimbly to the window and threw it up. She was in time to see Marney slowly crossing the grass and lighting a cigar as he went along.

"Boys, where are you?" he called out, with some affectation of loudness. "Derm, Micky! Polly, where have ye hidden the brats?"

"Oh, oh, oh," said madame. "Oh, how abominable! Oh, *la pauvre* Madame Marney!"

CHAPTER III.

LONDON CITY.

AFTER a few days' loitering journey, from Paris to the coast, along a road which is pleasant with limes and poplars, and green horizons, and where (if so inclined) pilgrims may still travel from one shrine to another, and rest each night in a different city, with wonders to be worshipped, and ancient stones still working miracles, the colonel brought his young bride to England. There had been some talk of a foreign tour, of Italy and the south; but Colonel Dymond longed to be home again by his own hearth with his children and the accustomed faces round about; and to Susy, London was as strange and new a city as Rome itself. She also longed to be at Tarndale and beginning her new life, only she was glad of a little time to get accustomed to it first, to her fresh dignities, her silk dress, her gold ring, her strange golden fate.

Was this Susanna Dymond, this new-born being walking with her husband by her side in dignified ease and sober splendor? She used to glance shyly at the colonel as he walked along; at the well-preserved, grizzled man, the kind, brown

face, the grey moustache. He was about her own height, well brushed, well blacked, well starched. All was of a piece; decorous, respectable, and Susy began to feel as if perhaps of all things in the world decorum and respectability were the most intoxicating. What a contrast to the life from which she had come away — no bills, no troubles, no seams ripped and opening wide, no storms, no daily struggle for life, no Marney to terrify her, no tears to hide away from her mother. All seemed smoothed, and calmed, and in order. In Susy's pocket was a well-filled purse, and by her side her attentive, courteous husband. Well-dressed people nodded smiling as they passed them on foot or in well-appointed carriages. Susy wondered if at that minute her mother was wearily trudging along the dusty Neuilly road on her way home from market. If only mamma had married another John, thought Susy. The colonel was not the least of the marvels of this new life in this wonderful London, with its wide, garden like parks, where the trees were scattering their leaves not less freely than at Crowbeck and Neuilly; where the bells came jangling over the housetops and the birds flew across the horizons of the overflowing streets. Susy had never seen London streets, never driven in carriages, never shopped in her life before. How many things there were she had never done! The colonel, enjoying her pleasure, took her to see the sights, to the Tower, to the Abbey, and to St. Paul's, and to the pictures. The opera was closed, but Susanna went with her husband to the play once or twice, and he introduced her there to some of his friends, who immediately began to call from their clubs and from various resorts, and who all lost their hearts at once to the gentle and fair young bride.

"Dymond had made a most fortunate choice," said the old friends, and they left their cards again and again at the door of the little hotel where the new-married pair were staying.

The colonel was pleased with Susy's success, and wrote home long accounts of their visitors — admirals, generals, brigadiers. Susanna's admirers were high up in the service.

"Old bores!" said Tempy crossly, as she impatiently tossed one of her father's letters over to her aunt Fanny. Jo and Tempy had come over to spend the day at Bolsover, and were sitting with their two aunts in the sacred precincts of the harem. Miss Bolsover was still extended

on the sofa, as she had not yet recovered from the colonel's marriage.

Whatever storms and trials might assail the spirit Aunt Fanny liked her little comforts. The room was sprinkled with many devices, and musical instruments, with footstools, with flowers, and white cats, and Pomeranian dogs, and pugs with silver collars. The sunshine came through muslin of various shades, the whole place was scented with sandal-wood, and faint patchouli, and various drowsy emanations. Jo always declared there was something Turkish in his aunt Fanny's character as well as in her surroundings, and that patchouli made his head ache.

The other prodigal nephew, Charles Bolsover, who did not mind patchouli, though he also rebelled against his aunt Fanny's silken bow-strings, was sunk back in a big armchair stroking the Persian cat's tail. The ladies were assembled round their tea-table, Mr. Bolsover, in a mountaineering costume, was preparing to walk down to the village with Jo, who detested patchouli.

"Have you read papa's letter, Aunt Fanny?" says Tempy, jealously taking up her grievance again with the sugar-tongs. "I can't think why he is so pleased, though I can imagine her enjoying it all. How Susanna must like being flattered!"

"So would you if you could get a chance," says Jo from his doorway.

"She will never get anything but plainest truths from me nor from auntie either," says Tempy, helping herself to plum cake.

"We will let her know what to expect," says Jo, with a brotherly grimace.

Here Charlie suddenly pulled the cat's tail, and *Poukette* uttered a miaull.

"Oh de poor litt'y pitt'y darling thing!" cries Miss Bolsover, precipitating herself. "Charlie boy, how can you be such a naughty, cruel uncle?"

"Hey! what is all this?" said Uncle Bolsover, chiming in. "When are they coming? Where are they staying?"

"They are at an hotel in Piccadilly. I suppose Wimpole Street is not fashionable enough for the bride," says Aunt Fanny.

The colonel had not taken his young wife home to Wimpole Street, the house was shut up, and the memories that were locked up in the dismantled rooms were melancholy and seemed to him out of time and place. One day Susanna went with her husband to see her future home. She looked up at the great stone staircase,

peeped into the lofty drawing-rooms, with their catafalques of shrouded furniture. She shuddered from the long black dining-room into the square dark study, with its gratings and dingy rows of books, and came away with a feeling of intense relief, leaving the family mansion to its ghosts and cobwebs, and to the care of that forlorn and courageous race of charwomen who dwell in solitude and wander from emptiness to emptiness. From long habit, perhaps, they do not heed their own footsteps, nor look behind them startled when the doors bang in the distance.

The new-married pair had settled down in one of those comfortable little hotels which lie in the centre of things and of people, quiet and convenient oases amid the noisy vortex of Piccadilly, Bond Street, and Mayfair. From Eiderdown's Hotel Susy could come and go and receive her husband's friends, and see her sights, and complete her trousseau without effort or exertion. It was indeed a fairy London to the girl; beautiful, expensive bargains were blooming in the windows of the shops all about, arcades close at hand were lighting up and festooned with objects of every shade and fashion; hats and bonnets floated from plate-glass to plate-glass all triumphant with garlands and streaming ribbons; shoes of rainbow colors pointed their silken toes in long procession; delicate kid hands were beckoning from behind the shop fronts; other windows were stuffed with gimcracks and trinkets, nor was she ever tired of the jewellers' shops and the toy-shops, which fascinated her most of all. Susy longed for her mother to enjoy all these childish pleasant things with her, and for Micky and Dermie to exclaim alternately at bonbons and diamonds. There was one of these treasuries which she used to pass every day as she came out for her daily walk with her kind old husband. In the centre of the great pane of glass, amid a shining sea of gems, lay two loveliest opals repeating the lights, in some tender, Mozart-like color-fashion of their own; between the opals lay one bright star of diamonds shining with brave chords of sunshine and flashing beauty.

"Oh! how mamma would like those beautiful opals, John; and how wonderfully that star does shine!" says Susy, lingering, while the colonel in turn glanced at his wife and then at the star again.

How beautiful she was, how brightly her glances were shining, how well the ornament would look in her thick brown hair, thought the admiring husband, and

he sighed with some odd regret and apprehension even in his happiness. There was something almost as pathetic in the colonel's moderate happiness as in the girl's simple enjoyment.

Susy was not romantic, not touched by any of the greater sentiments, but she was childish and rational, as childhood is, and he was rational and childish as age is apt to be.

September in Piccadilly is a very modified solitude. The carriages roll more freely, perhaps, the pavements are not quite so impassable as later in the year, but if the weather is fine, the parks and gardens are even pleasanter than at any other time. At night Susy, from her sitting-room window, could see a distant world, twinkling with the lights of the great, tumultuous city which was now her home. Paris had been but a sad place to her, burning and garish with pleasures which were not for her, as she came and went sadly like a young postulant in her black gown. But London was a home, here she had a place, here she felt a certain right to be and to a share in the sumptuous life. It seemed to her as if this too, this right to be happy, was among the colonel's many gifts to her. So from her windows Mrs. Dymond watched the lights by night, and by day she used to look out at the wide horizon, so changing and various where the mists were passing or dividing, and showing the palaces and the workshops, the streets, and the spaces of the mighty city. Beyond the park and the Abbey towers they had driven along, she had seen the river flowing between its banks, and the long lines of embankment and the dockyards crowded with the life, with the commerce of the world. All these things she enjoyed and noted as she came and went day by day, not alone, but in kind company, not as a wayfarer looking on, but as a sharer in the great feast.

As I have said, she had seen the Abbey and St. Paul's, and the Tower, and heard the city bells jangling cheerfully, and then one morning before luncheon the bride (always with her colonel by her side) went to visit the pictures in the National Gallery. They seemed stately to her, somewhat gloomy, but splendid and satisfying all the same.

"It is a very fine gallery, you know, my dear Susy, one of the finest in Europe," said her husband. "It is a great thing for us having such a collection. Let me see, is this Raphael or Michael Angelo? Oh! Carlo Dolce, of course."

The good colonel walked on to the end

of the long gallery trying to find some picture to show her which he once remembered having had pointed out to him by a painter, and Susy had been standing for a moment before the well-known portrait of Andrea del Sarto. She was not so much examining the picture as trying to remember who it was it recalled to her mind, when she looked round suddenly, feeling a glance upon her, and by some odd chance she found herself scrutinized by two dreamy, questioning eyes not unlike those she had just been gazing at, and as she looked she knew who it was the picture had reminded her of. It was this very man whom she had scarcely seen and never spoken to, Monsieur Max, the artist, the revolutionary son of her kind old friend, Madame du Parc, who was never tired of abusing him by the hour with motherly pride. During what long afternoons and mornings with Madame du Parc had Susy not listened to Max's many misdeeds and shortcomings, to his aberrations, to his difficulties, his uncertain comings and goings.

Susy was shy, and though she longed to speak to this dangerous character she only stared, smiled, exclaimed, half put out her hand, and then drew it back once more seeing a look of surprise in the living Andrea's face. His frizzed hair was not quite like the picture, and for a moment she was confused between her previous impression and the vivid presentation before her. Du Parc, too, was uncertain, and being also shy, specially of grand ladies, he merely bowed and passed on.

"What is it, my child?" said the colonel, as she joined him, looking excited, and with blushes.

"I saw some one from Neuilly," she said, "Madame du Parc's son, Monsieur Max. I wanted to speak to him, but he did not seem to know me, and walked away."

"Perhaps it is as well," said the colonel consolingly. "These sort of people are difficult to shake off again once one happens to get entangled with them."

"I wanted to send a message to mamma," said Susy, wistfully looking after the erect figure of the young man as he proceeded with echoing steps down the long gallery.

It must be confessed that Susanna's youthful mind was intent upon something at that time to her more important than her presence in that solemn temple of art among the painters and their works, something nearer to her heart than priceless

heritages of light and solemn aspiration, than the signs and tokens of the noble dead who live still for us, as we drift along upon the stream of life. She had a ten-pound note in her pocket, she was pondering upon toy-shops, she was longing to spend it for her mother and the children, and she was ready to leave the gallery at the first sign of weariness the colonel might give.

As for Max du Parc walking along the great shining halls, he had no thoughts or ten pounds to spend elsewhere. His whole mind and attention were present, riveted, absorbed. He was at home, though a stranger, among these old friends and teachers. He had come commissioned to make some engravings for a French dictionary of art, and for the moment his interest and enthusiasm completely overpowered him, and carried him away, even from the thought of the work which had brought him there.

He seemed to be in some Elysium among the gods and goddesses, and their incarnations. The mind of Titian was there in its glory. There were the dreams of Turner breaking and dawning and vanishing into space, while calmly serene the golden illusions of Claude were floating before his eyes; or was it a Velasquez or a Giorgone whose chivalrous, harmonious soul touched the disciple to some ambition beyond the common aspect of things? All about shine together with the noble realities, the golden superstitions of art, of religions, and of pagans, and the truth upbears them fearlessly in its generous train; the mythologies of Greece, of mediæval Italy are there; angels sing their shrill songs of praise, wielding their fiery swords and fiddle-bows with a fanciful strength, or gods and goddesses revel under summer skies. A whole revelation of past life, of bygone strength, wisdom, and splendor ever present is recorded for us who pass in turn looking up for a moment on our way at the pictures which remain.

Max looked and wondered and looked again, and then, remembering the work for which he had come, began making his deliberate choice, and returning again and again to the types which seemed to him best fitted for his purpose. As he stood half hopeless, half deliberate, before the Giorgone knight in shining armor he heard a cheerful, somewhat husky voice behind him. The Dymond *ménage* had caught him up again.

"Well, my dear Susy, have you had enough of all this?" And young and eager came the answer, "Oh, yes, thank

you, John, I'm rather tired of it, and now will you take me to the toy-shop in Bond Street?"

Max did not even turn his head, a sudden impatient scorn for Philistinism came over this young dweller among the tents.

Susy and her husband left the gallery, descending the steps from the great entrance that lead to the stately square, and then went walking leisurely along the streets to the haven of Susy's desires. The colonel left her there, where she wished to be, absorbed and happy, bending over a counter full of toys, then, promising to return for her in time for luncheon, he walked a little way up the street thinking of the wondrous change which had come into his life, and resting in tender admiration on the thought of this bright star which had risen to lighten his somewhat dark and solitary path. Surely, surely, it must be for the good of all. His dear and excellent sisters would recognize the fact when they knew more of Susy, of her unselfish goodness and sweet, happy nature. Tempy, too, would be far happier in the end with such friend and companion at hand, than she had ever been before. Of late her letters had not satisfied her father. He was glad that she should have something more suitable, more feminine than boys' society. Charlie Bolsover was certainly not the companion he should have desired for either of his children. The colonel had many perturbations on the score of Charlie. Aunt Fanny was naturally carried away by her warm feelings and affectionate nature, the colonel used to think. She had even on one occasion hinted at a possibility for the future, upon which the colonel had immediately and most decidedly put his absolute veto. Charlie was the last person in the whole world to make a good husband to Tempy or any one else. The sooner he was started for life, the better for himself and for everybody else, and most especially for Tempy, who was sixteen, and would soon be no longer a child. All these very consequent and rational suggestions were in the colonel's mind as he walked leisurely along the street. He had given Susanna half an hour by his watch for her shopping. Then the colonel himself suddenly succumbed to temptation. Susy with all her youthful admiration had never gazed into the jeweller's shining shop-front with such covetous eyes as did the greyheaded colonel now. He had come to the shop window she so much admired. There was the star shining on its blue velvet horizon, the colonel

looked, blushed rather guiltily, hesitated, went in, and presently came out with a little sealed parcel in his pocket, and lo! one more star had set out of Bond Street. As he walked away he thought of something he should like to have engraved on the back of the jewel; he turned back, not without some confusion, disappeared through the glass door once more, and giving the parcel to the obsequious shopman desired that *Stella mea* should be written upon the ornament with the date of the wedding day.

CHAPTER IV.

"A BOAT, A BOAT UNTO THE FERRY."

SEPTEMBER is shining upon Crowbeck as upon Piccadilly, glorious September's last golden hours are lingering still; a boat comes peacefully floating on the buoyant waters of Tarndale. A young woman is sculling, her pink dress, her broad back, her bright red curls are familiar to us by this time. She is strong and used to the task, and the boat makes way rapidly. A fat gentleman in knickerbockers and a garb of many colors is steering, while a handsome young man dressed in white, with an amber tie and a broad white felt hat, is loling in the bows, languidly running his slim fingers through the water.

"Delightful morning, nothing like a fine September," says the stout gentleman heartily, giving a jerk to the rudder as he pulls at his watch with the other hand.

"Take care, Uncle Bolsover, you're running us in," cries the girl, in her loud, not unmusical voice.

"Take care, Uncle Bol," says the young man, with a drawl, "you have been steering quite straight till now, and Tempy too has done very well. I like to float smoothly along with *no* jerks."

"Don't talk nonsense, Charlie," says the girl, looking round at him with her bright blue eyes. "Remember *you* have to scull back all the way."

Uncle Bolsover has by this time got out his watch with some effort, for it is very large, and tightly wedged into his belt. "One o'clock!" says he. "Time's up. By Jove! there's Jo fishing under the pine-trees! Capital! Hulloo, Jo, you are to come back to lunch. Tempy won't stop. She says she has to go home." And good-natured Uncle Bolsover, with another jerk of the rudder, turns the boat's head to shore with many cheerful signs and halloas.

Jo comes forward quietly from his sta-

tion under the pine-trees, and begins to wind his tackle.

"Got anything in your basket, Josse-lin?" asks the languid youth; the words are carried clear across the water.

Jo, for answer, lifts the cover of his shabby basket which is filled with silver to the brim.

"He was out by six," says Tempy, who dwells on her brother's achievements with sisterly pride. Then, with a dash of the oars, the girl turns the boat's head in towards the little promontory where her brother is standing. Some charm, delicate shifting, incandescent, falls upon the lake and its banks, upon the swallows still darting in long curves along the water, upon the people in the boat, upon Uncle Bolsover and smiling Tempy, and silent Charlie; upon the old Manor Farm across the lake with its spreading trees all changing for September. Everything is lovely on every side. Lambdale is divided into tender shadows, and Crow Crag stands piled between the lights. A thousand, thousand flashing ripples seem floating up to meet the boat from the far end of the lake where the Hall chimneys are to be seen smoking for luncheon, and farther still are the roofs and gables of Friars Tarndale beyond the elms. At the foot of Crowbeck the little promontory is starting out from land, shaded by a grove of pines. Between their straight stems springs a wilderness of flowers and feathery grasses, tangling and delicate, and tasted by the droning bees all the summer long. Here the young fisherman, motionless for hours past, had been established with his tackle, just stepping from light to light into the shadow as it slid from beneath his feet. A little farther on was the landing-place by the boat-house, where the Place boat fastened by a rusty chain was bobbing and basking on the water among a shoal of minnows.

As Uncle Bolsover was carefully steering in, and looking over his shoulder for posts ahead, Tempy rowed slowly and more slowly.

"Oh, dear! for the last time, Charlie," she said, with a sigh; "you are going, they are coming back; everything is to be different."

"Not everything," muttered Charlie in a low voice. "Some things won't change," and he looked hard at Tempy's face. It was Charlie's image of home, of conscience, of truth in life, almost the only one he had. She too looked up; she scarcely understood him at first, then, suddenly, the girl's heart began to beat,

she forgot her boat, forgot her oars, and Uncle Bolsover; the whole lake seemed flowing, upheaving in some strange sympathy, she caught a crab and would have fallen backwards if Charles Bolsover had not leaned forward, seized the oars with one hand, and pulled Tempy back with the other.

"Take care," cries Jo from the shore. "What are you thinking of, Tempy?"

"By Jove! that was a narrow escape, my dear," pipes Uncle Bolsover, starting forward and half upsetting the boat.

In the meadow just beyond the pines, George Tyson, who is at work with his scythe, looks up, hearing the splash of oars, and leaves his gleaming circles of steel and feathering grass, to come down to help to pull them in; but before he can reach the landing-place, Charlie Bolsover, with more agility than might have been expected from such dazzling white flannel, is already out and standing on a jutting rock, holding the boat-chain of which he throws the end to George.

"Jo, you row back, there's a good fellow," says Charlie, standing firm on the shore and helping out Tempy. "I left some books up at the Place; I'll be back with them directly."

Jo gives one of his shaggy glances, deliberately shoulders his basket, and without more ado steps into the boat.

The squire looks slightly perturbed. "Thank ye, George," says he abruptly, in return for George's rustic salutation from the shore. "Don't be longer than you can help, Charlie," and Uncle Bolsover again looks at his watch, as if to make up by extra punctuality for any lack of prudence. Charlie's feelings for Tempy have been discussed by the family conclave before now, and indeed Aunt Fanny is not against the match from her own point of view, and they all feel that the colonel's prejudices are not to be disregarded. However, the squire reflects that this is Charlie's last day, he is going back to Oxford at once. The colonel himself could not object to his fetching his books. So the two young people are left standing side by side for the last time in the fragrant shade of the pine-trees promontory.

On the opposite shore of the lake, Tarn-dale village climbs the mountain-sides just where they divide into a gorge. Sometimes, as now, this gorge is shining with light and innumerable reflections, sometimes it is covered by mists and silver shadow. In stormy weather waterfalls suddenly stream down the steep sides of the mountain, dashing in white, flashing

lines from rock to rock. But on fine days the channels are dry, the lake lies calm, the boats put out, the fisherman with his sail floats by on his way to the creek where the trout lie sleeping, the swallows swim in the sweet air, the cows from the Manor Farm come out straggling knee-deep into the water. The sweet, demure intoxication of the place and time seems to reach to the very heart of all things, animate and inanimate. George Tyson, the farmer's son, who is something midway between those two conditions, might have seemed a loutish fellow in London streets, but to-day, as he stands with his gleaming-scythe mowing the grass on the slope of the Crowbeck meadow, any painter of dreams might have taken him for a figure out of mythology, a young god of country things, a lingerer from the golden age. For a minute he looks up at the two, as they pass along out of the shade of the pines, skirting the meadows, by the path that leads to the Place, and then he goes on with his work. Tempy herself might have stood for some blooming nymph of the hills. Her thick auburn locks were piled and twisted round her head; her dress was of gingham, a rough straw hat shaded her smiling eyes. A greater contrast than the two cousins, who suited each other so well, could scarcely have been found. Charlie Bolsover was dressed in the extreme of fashion, with every charm by which art could detract from natural good looks. He was handsome, dark, slender; he affected a manner even more than fashionably soft and modulated. Jo once said that Charlie's hair was velvet, his eyes black satin, his coat plush, and his manners silky; but such as he was, jewellery, lavender water, jim-crackery, notwithstanding, he seemed the most interesting person in all the world to the young nymph looking up so sadly with her innocent blue eyes, for the time of parting was at hand.

"I may come up with you, mayn't I?" said Charlie, and Tempy, all changed somehow, gentle and simply yielding, agreed.

When did she not agree to Charlie's wishes? To her cousin she was almost always gentle, though her manner by the rest of the world might have been characterized as bluff.

Tempy, fresh and kind-hearted, conceited and diffident too, as such people are, was yielding enough, for all her decision, to those she loved. She walked on quickly; she did not want to let herself dwell upon Charlie's leave-taking. She

forced herself to think of many very tangible preoccupations in the way of those changings and shiftings, flappings and dustings, which in civilized countries herald the approach of new-married and other important people. The girl had, among other things, a general cheerful sense of her own importance, and that the world could not possibly get on without her—neither her father nor her stepmother, any more than the very competent housemaids in charge of the Place. This conviction was a consolation to her in many of the subsequent trials and disappointments of life, although in her case (as in other people's) these trials and disappointments often consisted in the fact that she discovered that others *could* get on without her better than she expected. Could Charlie get on without her? she sometimes asked herself, and to-day again, as she went along treading the clover and the meadow-sweet, breaking the little twigs from the hedge as she passed, and feeling somehow that to-day was not like any other day for either of them. Once she looked up, it was for an instant only; she could not meet the force of the fixed gaze that was turned upon her.

"I'm looking good-bye," said Charlie simply, seeing her blush up; and then again Tempy raised her blue eyes, and he saw in them something so gentle, so innocently tender, that a sudden conviction came over him, some overpowering sense of her goodness and affection, of the reality and all-importance of her feeling. What was he, to be loved by so true, so dear a creature—he who had no future to bring her, not even a clear past for her innocent eyes to look through? What was he, to dare to love her? And yet, as he looked, he knew, even without words, that she loved him, and this seemed reason enough, even in *his* troubled life, for him to try to win her.

"Tempy, Tempy," he said, scarcely knowing what he said, "don't you know what it all means?" He spoke with a burst of strange emotion, triumph, passion.

George Tyson, sharpening his scythe, looked up again from the meadow, and saw them standing side by side near the brown cow in the upper field. From the boat, far away upon the water, Uncle Bolsover could still be heard shouting a cheerful view-halloo. The girl neither heard nor heeded it all; she cared not who was there, she stood passive, stirred by a wonder. Girls think of love as of something all around about in life in the hearts of

others; when they first dimly feel that they, too, are touched or swept onward by the great tide, their whole girlish heroism rises to assert their independence. For an instant the lordly Tempy stood with sudden conviction of love in her heart, absolutely sure, outwardly unmoved, silent and still for an instant. Then the whole world burst in upon her senses; the blue sky arching in triumph over her head, the birds flying in the air, the music of life all around, the rustling leaves, the voices floating from the water, all seemed but a part of the great thing which had changed the whole of life for her. Charlie's looks, so familiar, so strong, and so gentle, seemed, like words, to speak, to order, to entreat.

"Tempy, why don't you answer?" he cried.

Then she looked up at last. "Yes, I know what it means, Charlie," she whispered; and the young fellow, overcome and touched to the heart, shaken from self and from his fantastic egotism and fancies, caught her suddenly for an instant.

"Tempy, you won't let them part us?" he cried; "we belong to each other now."

From The Saturday Review.

PRISONERS OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

WITH all its experiences of battle-fields and their accompaniments, the present generation has never known prisoners of war in England, and we sincerely hope that it never will. There are but few among us who can remember the prisoners on parole that were such objects of interest in some of our country towns during the Peninsular war; but many who have been brought up in or near small towns must in their youth have heard plenty of stories about them. There are still a few old ladies who pride themselves on having received their first French lessons from "the prisoners," and old gentlemen who boast of the swordsmanship which they owed to French fencing-masters on their parole. We whisper it with fear and trembling, but we often wonder that the novelists who have worn almost every topic, incident, and accident threadbare, have so greatly neglected the French prisoners of war in England.

The formal entrance of the captives into a country town caused intense excitement. There is a man now living who well remembers the triumphant entrance into a

certain country town of a troop of soldiers bringing captives from the Peninsular war. He was about eleven years old at the time, and he watched the pageant from the roof of one of those large "Queen Anne" houses which are sometimes to be found on the outskirts of provincial towns. It was winter, and the snow lay on the rather flat roof; but the position was so favorable for seeing the fun, that the boy braved the cold. The most conspicuous figure in the procession was that of a tall and dignified generalissimo of Napoleon's army, who wore a large cocked hat. This cocked hat was too much for the boy's feelings, and hastily making a hard snow-ball, he knocked the old gentleman's *chapeau à cornes* into the gutter, with great force and accuracy. The general was by no means inclined to regard the matter in the light of an accident, much less a joke, and a tremendous row was the consequence, beginning with a formal complaint to the mayor, and ending in a warm and lasting friendship between the field-marshal and the father of the snow-ball-thrower. With the prisoners of war came a civil official, to whose charge they were committed. He was often a person of some position, and his post was one of considerable responsibility, and requiring a good deal of tact, for his duties combined those of gaoler, quartermaster, and host. His position was an important one also from a social point of view, as he had the opportunity of putting the officers under his charge on good terms with the neighboring squires, and his dinner parties were usually very pleasant ones. Those were the days of hard drinking, and at the end of the war, when the prisoners returned to their own country, they took back wonderful stories of the after-dinner libations of the English country gentlemen. The tradition of these legends was handed down in France long after its light-hearted inhabitants had forgotten the war with England, and not very many years ago a French abbé, when pressed by the writer to tell him what surprised him most on coming to England, replied, "That you did not fall under the dinner-table, drunk, every night." His friends had forewarned him that he must, at the very least, be prepared for this, if he went to live at an English country house. At a short distance from a town containing prisoners of war, posts were conspicuous at the sides of the roads. These posts marked the limits, beyond which the prisoners could not go without breaking their parole. Some races were

once going on near a country town, but beyond the sanctuary of the prisoners of war. When the citizens were on their way to the racecourse they were amused at overtaking an old French gentleman carrying a post, and followed by a party of his compatriots. These good prisoners had given their parole not to pass the post, and they had hit upon this plan of both keeping their word and seeing the races. Sometimes, however, the parole was broken in deed as well as in spirit. Napoleon was very anxious to regain a certain skillful general of engineers, who was on parole in a small provincial town, and he vainly offered a large number of English prisoners in exchange for him; but the general effected his own escape. It was supposed that a miller concealed the great man in a flour-bag, and carted him far away from the town. At any rate, both the general and the miller disappeared on the same day, and at about the same hour; nor was either of them ever seen again in any part of Great Britain. Two French privates broke their parole with less luck, for they were caught, and imprisoned in one cell. In the course of their imprisonment they quarrelled, and determined upon fighting a duel with the only weapons they possessed — a gimlet and an awl. At first the warrior with the awl had much the best of it; but success made him careless, and his opponent, catching him in an unguarded moment, got his head into chancery. Even then the awl made havoc in the thighs of its adversary; but the handle of the gimlet was rapidly turned, and the awl became inactive.

In some towns the French officers formed clubs; and we have before us a copy of a list of members that used to meet at a certain hotel. It is headed with an elaborately drawn eagle, above which is written, "Dieu, la France, et l'Honneur," and beneath it, "Liste de Messieurs les Sociétaires." Then follow between fifty and sixty names enclosed in an elaborate border, with flags and guns, figures of Justice and Hope, and a little landscape showing the sea in the distance. The privates also had their clubs, or, rather, perhaps the best imitations they could make of third-rate cafés. As we have already said, many of them gave lessons, chiefly in French, music, dancing, fencing, and drawing. Indeed, we can remember one instance of a prisoner who made so much by teaching French, that he preferred to remain in England instead of returning to France when the war was

over; and after an interval of many years, he had become so accustomed to speaking English, that on meeting a Frenchman he conversed with difficulty in his own language. Many of the privates earned a good deal by carpentering and making knick-knacks of various kinds. Even now, at sales in provincial towns, some queer piece of furniture will occasionally be described in the catalogue as having been made by one of the French prisoners.

Well as the prisoners usually got on with the natives, a disturbance would sometimes arise when the feelings of both were excited to the utmost by the arrival of important news from the seat of war. A number of French prisoners were once assembled at their club, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, during one of the more critical periods of the war in Spain. About the same hour the usual little knot of townspeople was awaiting the arrival of the coach that brought the London mail. As it dashed up to the door of the principal hotel, the guard announced the news of the victory at Vittoria. A crowd soon assembled and proceeded down the high street, cheering and spreading the news in all directions. Presently it passed near the house in which the Frenchmen were assembled, and they were soon made aware of the British victory. To hear the English crowd hurraing outside was more than flesh and blood could stand, so the prisoners made a sortie, armed with billiard-cues and walking-sticks, and valiantly attacked the natives. There was a scrimmage and a mingling of English and French oaths for a few minutes, but the brave foreigners were soon obliged to yield before overwhelming numbers. The conquerors, somewhat ungenerously, pursued the vanquished into their retreat, where they broke the windows, smashed the doors, tore off the shutters, and "made hay" in the club-room of *Messieurs les Sociétaires*. But as a rule the relations of the prisoners of war with the residents were of the most friendly character. We have a copy of a petition delivered to the Transport Board and signed by the mayor, deputy mayor, vicar, coroner, and some dozen of the leading men of a provincial town, begging for the release and restoration to his native land of an "Ensign de Vaisseau in the French navy," in return for a valiant service which he had rendered to "a British subject" by rescuing her child "by main force" from "the two paws" of a lion at a wild-beast show. The mother of the child was a poor widow, and the bravery

of the young Frenchman awakened great sympathy and gratitude among the townspeople of every class.

Even at the present time, the arrival of several French noblemen and officers in a dull country neighborhood would create considerable interest; but it is difficult to imagine the sensation it must have caused seventy years ago, when there were no railways, and the arrival of the coach was the only daily excitement. The range allowed to the prisoners extended but a very short distance beyond the towns; nor had they much with which to occupy themselves within it, so during the greater part of the day a number of Frenchmen were constantly wandering about the streets. This alone was a great source of interest to the inhabitants. Very much greater, however, was the excitement caused in the usually monotonous existence of the families of the rector, the lawyer, the doctor, and the neighboring squireens, by the introduction of French officers, counts, marquises, or even a prince or two. The heavy dinners of the local magnates astonished the foreigners not a little, and there are still many traditions and legends of the effects, both mental and physical, produced upon the prisoners by the port wine of their captors. If the relations of the French prisoners of war towards the English squires and local magnates were a little cold at starting, they grew, in many cases, into warm friendships — friendships which lasted long after the end of the war; nor were they confined to one generation, for, as we can testify, the sons of some of the French prisoners of war were ready to repay any little hospitalities received by their fathers, to the sons of their fathers' hosts.

There can be little doubt that the influence of the French prisoners upon the English was, on the whole, a good one. That it did much to lessen the British hatred of all that was foreign, is certain; that it instilled a desire of seeing other countries than their own into our fathers, is more than probable; and it is at worst a pardonable fancy, if we think that the old people still living, who mixed much as children with the French prisoners of high position, are a little different from the ordinary type of British country bumpkin. When the "prisoner guests" had returned to their homes, they did not forget to write to their late hosts. One of their letters, in which the journey to France is described, lies before us. Birmingham must have been small in those days, as it

is said to be "not so large as half Bordeaux," although the writer thinks its population must have been about the same. The following is the description of Oxford: "Oxford, this pretty town which you must know by its universities, and by many curious things that it has in its bottom, has appeared to me very pleasant and fine."

It was not likely that in a country like England, the spiritual necessities of the prisoners of war would be neglected. That they were preached at, an octavo pamphlet entitled "*Le Gage de l'Amitié Chrétienne, Un discours delivré à nos amis Français*," goes far to prove. "N'avez vous éprouvés, mes amis, l'inconstances des choses ici-bas ? séparés de vos époux, de vos enfants, de vos parents, de tout qui vous est chère, de votre pays, avez vous la résignation aux desseins mystérieux de la Providence ?" Such is its style ! This serious discourse reminds us that there are melancholy but more lasting memorials of the comparatively short sojourn of the French prisoners of war in a good many tombstones scattered among our country churchyards. Wandering some time ago in a rural graveyard, among a number of box-like tombstones surrounded by high railings, we came upon a monument showing that "ci git le Baron —, decédé prisonnier de guerre sur parole. . . . Bon citoyen, brave militaire, bon père, bon époux, ami fidele, il eut toute sa vie une conduite irréprochable, après un devouement de plus 40 années pour la service de la patrie, il est mort dans sa 62^{ème} année regretté vivement de tout ceux qui l'ont connu." Beside it were several others much in the same style. There may be something sad in these monuments to those who died among strangers, in a hostile country ; but it is satisfactory to observe that sextons, peasants, and even the urchins that play in the churchyards, still point out with reverence "the graves of the French prisoners."

From The National Review.
HADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?
Paullidula, rigida, nudula ;
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

THESE famous verses, as every one knows, were composed, or pronounced on his death-bed, by a Roman emperor re-

markable for many high qualities, and, amongst them, for the unwearied activity which, in the early part of the second century, carried him to Britain, and left there enduring memorials of his presence. They have had a circulation perhaps out of proportion to their poetical merit, yet great writers have thought them worthy of the exercise of their genius in an attempt to render them into English ; they have been treated lightly, they have been treated gravely — for pathos and playfulness are, in truth, combined in them ; they suggested something more than a mere translation to Pope, and at the same time, they illustrate one of the curious and dark by-ways of literature, and the unscrupulous character of Pope's genius.

It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to observe how three professed poets and one great writer — conspicuous for his high literary culture — have handled these lines in their attempts to render them into English ; and with this view I will quote one translation by Byron, another by Prior, two renderings by Pope, and one by Dean Merivale, the historian of the Romans under the empire.

BYRON.

Ah ! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay !
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight ?
No more with wonted humor gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

PRIOR.

Poor little pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together ?
And dost thou preene thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither ?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot :
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

POPE. NO. I.

Ah, fleeting spirit ! wandering fire !
That long hast warmed my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire ;
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest ?
Whither, ah whither, art thou flying,
To what dark undiscovered shore ?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humor are no more.

POPE. NO. II.

I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 "Sister Spirit, come away."
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

MERIVALE.

Soul of mine, pretty one, flitting one,
 Guest and partner of my clay,
 Whither wilt thou hie away, —
 Pallid one, rigid one, naked one —
 Never to play again, never to play?

Most readers will, I think, admit that of these five renderings, Byron's, which is the closest, is the least good, and Prior's, which is the freest, is the best. It is also right to observe that of the two versions of Pope, some doubt as to the authorship hangs over the first; whilst those who read the second will see that so far from being in any way a translation, it is, in truth, the very inversion and opposite of the ideas of the dying emperor. It is neither translation or imitation; it is rather a distinct poem, inspired, it may be, by some chance echo of the old heathen verse, but the exact contradiction of the original, converting the anxious doubts of the Pagan emperor into the certain faith of the Christian saint. It is an extremely beautiful poem, familiar to many of us from early boyhood, rising high both in thought and diction, and unquestionably the work of Pope.

Its literary history is also as curious as its beauty is great; and those who care to peruse that history and in it to see an instance of Pope's disregard of truth, when he thought that truth was an obstacle to fame, may read the details in the acute and careful criticism on it by Mr. Courthope in the fourth volume of his edition of Pope's works. But I do not now concern myself with that part of the subject, nor do I care to reproduce the crowd of translations, renderings, and imitations, more or less good, by authors of less fame than those whom I have quoted. My object now is rather to bring together in juxtaposition the different versions which I have quoted, and if I must, according to prescribed rule, draw some moral from this *fasciculus* of interesting translations,

to inquire if there is any inference to be drawn from the comparison of them, or of what they illustrate, viz., the rendering of Latin or Greek verse into an English equivalent. This graceful exercise of the literary and poetic art — the pleasant recreation of weary hours — may, I am afraid, like its counterpart, the translation of English into Latin, pass more and more out of our higher education; but whilst it lasts, these fugitive renderings of short and famous poems will have, for cultured minds at least, an interest and value.

The question, then, that arises, is as to the mode in which such a task should be undertaken. Are we to adhere as closely as language will permit to the original, or may we assume some license, in order to catch its spirit without too strict a regard to its actual terms? I incline to think that the latter alternative, questionable and even dangerous as some may consider it, is on the whole the one most likely to lead to success; and I believe that in the case of great poets, at least, it has been so. The extreme terseness and condensation of Latin cannot easily be reproduced in our more diffuse English; and if the difficulties of grammar are overcome in the attempt to give the sense in an equal number of words or lines, the grace and playfulness, the pathos and the subtle spirit of the original, are too often lost. Even Milton, with his matchless skill in classic lore, when he follows with a too scrupulous precision the easy and graceful flow of Horace's

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa,

becomes hard and unnatural. It is, indeed, scarcely conceivable that the literal translator of the fifth ode, when he wrote — in scarcely intelligible English, —

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant, always amiable
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful,

was the great poet of the Allegro and the Penseroso, or of those noble sonnets which have come forth from the very fount of pure and undefiled Latinity, and which breathe the ideas and language of ancient Rome.

Or, again, let me take an illustration from the numerous translations of that which (saving the Hebrew poets) seems to me on the whole the greatest of ancient poems — Homer's *Odyssey*. Of the three finest renderings, Chapman's, Pope's, and Worsley's — great as are the

merits of each — Pope's, which departs most widely from the original, stands, I think confessedly, first. It is not, indeed, a translation in the strict sense of the word, but it is a grand and stately composition, which has made the tale of Ulysses' wanderings familiar to English ears; it is the poetry of Pope, inspired by the divine genius of Homer.

But my theme is so tempting that I am in danger of exceeding the limits which I prescribed to myself in commencing this paper. I will, therefore, endeavor to fortify my opinion of the spirit in which such a translation as this should be approached by enrolling myself, for the occasion, in the obscure and shadowy crowd of imitators and translators — whose names I do not record, and who, like the poor ghosts in Hades, watch from a distance, but do not mingle with, the greater spirits who maintain the semblance of their ancient state even in the world below — and I will venture upon one more rendering of the imperial versifier's lines. However imperfect the execution may be, it is the only mode of illustrating the idea which I have sought to express; and without further excuses or disclaimers, I will conclude these observations by preferring to the editors of the *National Review* the request which Pope, when writing on this very subject, made to "The Spectator" nearly two centuries ago, in No. 532 of that delightful periodical: "If you think me right in my notions of the last words of Hadrian, be pleased to insert this; if not, to suppress it."

Wandering, fleeting life of mine,
Spirit human, or divine;
Partner, friend, and closest mate,
Of this earthly, fleshly state;
Gentle Sprite, mysterious thing,
Whither now art taking wing?
Into realms of bliss or woe?
Place of loveliness or fear?
Whither, Spirit, dost thou go —
Somewhere, nowhere, far or near?

Yes, thou goest, Spirit — yes,
In thy paleness, nakedness —
Mirth is banished,
Jest hath vanished,
Into gloom and dreariness.

CARNARVON.

From The Saturday Review.
SPINNING-WHEELS IN NEW ENGLAND.

SINCE the *Spinnstube* plays so important a part in the peasant life of central

Germany, it may be of interest to note the position held by spinning-wheels in certain localities of America. There is in New Hampshire, one of the New England States, a charming spot known as Bethlehem; it nestles among its surrounding hills, half hidden from view by the grand White Mountain range on the east, the Franconia on the north, and in the western distance the less stately green hills of Vermont, Mount Mansfield fully bearing out in its vivid coloring the pretty name given to that range. Bethlehem Station is reached after a ride through the Notch, wonderful and terrible in its beauty. The line runs along a narrow ledge on the side of a mountain that rises miles above you, while far below the green slopes, like a tiny thread, the old coaching road gleams white among the trees. All about you are the mountains, vying with one another in magnificence.

At Bethlehem Station you are met by the stage-coaches for the Profile or for Bethlehem. Up the hills, down the hills, you are borne, on a long, steady gallop, over a pretty country road shaded by trees and bordered by wild-flowers — golden rod, pink milkweed, and moosewood briar, its bright red berries lying *perdu* in the thick green leaves. Six miles away rises Kimball Hill, nearer looms Mount Agassiz, while beneath underwood and brake dashes "the wild Ammonossuc," and above and beyond all towers Mount Washington, with the pretty old Indian legend of its being the favorite resting-place of the Great Spirit for its heritage.

It was during the last summer we passed in the White Hills, when the quest for spinning-wheels had reached the zenith of enthusiasm, that the following experiences of one day's search for these desirable adjuncts of household furniture occurred. It was rather like the "hunting of the snark," only that our quest took place on a *buckboard* — and he who knows not the delights of that mode of conveyance has one more experience to live for. A buckboard is a plank of well-seasoned wood, about eight feet long and four feet wide; this is slung upon four wheels placed within two feet of either end. Across the middle of the board is a light seat holding two persons, and in this simple construction you have the most complete and delightful mountain wagon possible; the plank gives with each motion of the wheels, and forms its own springs. With a good horse and a fair whip there is no better enjoyment than a long summer day passed on a buckboard, driving over hill

and dale with an easy, undulating motion something between a swing and a rocking-chair.

The native inhabitants of New Hampshire are a curious people — as indeed are all New Englanders — almost a race by themselves. Reserved, taciturn, Spartan-like, loyal, they cling to old traditions, keep up old customs, and hold to old forms with a tenacity more passive than active, but none the less imperturbable — a poor, hard-laboring people for the most part, but as proud as they are poor, and as uncomplaining as they are hard-working. What their grandfathers and great-grandfathers have done is what they wish to do; what they toiled for and accomplished is gain sufficient for all who may come after them; and woe betide the unlucky lad who ventures to step outside that narrow orbit! All the dead ancestors of his family are called upon to prove the worthlessness and vanity of any other life save that safe bounded by New Hampshire's hills. How tenacious is this instinct in one small particular let the sequel show.

Among the houses we visited in our quest was one very new and very ugly little wooden affair, as ugly as it could well be, and made all the more desolate by being perched up on rough-hewn stumps of trees, which gave it an unclothed, ashamed appearance; the doorsill was several feet above the ground, and could only be reached by the aid of the butt end of the whip and a friendly stone. A desolate garden surrounded this barren little home, in which a few vegetables and two sunflowers struggled for existence.

The door was opened by a poor, pale, forlorn little woman, holding a morsel of a child; she looked so wretched and pinched and miserable that all hopes of a spinning-wheel vanished from our minds. What respectable, comfortable, old family "wheel" could dwell in this terribly new little box of a house? The woman looked at us and said nothing; they seldom speak in New England unless first addressed; but when we made known our wants she eyed us shrewdly, moving the baby up and down mechanically on her arm.

"I hev got a wheel," she said at last, and her voice was as sad and dull as her face. "It were ma's afore it were mine, and gran'ma's afore that." Could we see it? She looked doubtful, then relented, and showed us in. Such a bare little room, with no carpet, only a few chairs and a table, but in the corner stood *the* "wheel." It was made of mahogany, and was dark and lustrous with age and use —

a beauty among spinning-wheels and in perfect order, ready to be set in motion with one tap of the toe, one skilful turn of the hand. In vain we offered her any sum for it, holding out the bank-notes before her eyes. She was not to be tempted. She did not grow excited or angry or eager as we did, she only shook her head and repeated over and over: "No, I don't feel called on to part with it. It were ma's afore it were mine, and gran'ma's afore it were hers, and it will be hern arter it's mine," giving the baby another mechanical shake. But can you use it? "No, I can't say as how I could ever spin; but ma could and gran'ma, and I don't feel called to part with it." And she wouldn't part with it, not though she owned that she was very poor and ill with the "chills," and work was slack and her "man" not over-kind; still "it were ma's and gran'ma's," and she couldn't part with it, "no, not yet a while; not never, she didn't think." She watched us as we drove away, a dull, quiet figure, without one touch of brightness in her daily life. The stranger's money would have bought many a comfort for the barren little home and sickly baby; but then the money would have come in exchange for "ma's and gran'ma's wheel;" and all the old foundations and traditions of her whole life would have been ruined and broken by such an act of sacrilege.

The next halting-place was at a typical farmhouse, large and roomy, painted red, with eaves and a thatched roof and a wide doorstep worn away by many feet; this door stood open, and within was a vision of old china, copper pots, and saucepans, and a tall eight-day clock. A friendly apple-tree grew beside the door, and beneath this on the wide step sat a comely, red cheeked maiden paring golden pippins with dexterous fingers. We accosted her and she looked up kindly, her hand arrested, the knife half buried in the yellow rind.

"Oh yes, we have a 'wheel.' It's always been ours, leastways 'twas ma's gret-gran'ma Cummings's first; she brought it from England, and then 'twas *my* gret-gran'ma's and then *my* gran'ma's, and now it's ma's and some day it'll be mine. What, *sell* our wheel! Oh no, I guess not. Why, 'twould change the luck, and besides, we haven't no call to sell things." Seeing she was rather offended we hastened to appease her. Could she use the wheel? "Well, rayther," scornfully, "she should just be ashamed if she couldn't. Why, it had spun all gret-gret-gran'ma's

wedding linen, and gret-gran'ma's and gran'ma's and ma's, and now it was a-spinning hers. No, there weren't any fear of her ever partin' with it; she never could part with gret-gret-gran'ma Cummings's wheel. Oh no, nor ever think of sich a thing. Could we use a wheel?"

We confessed our ignorance and inability, and then she asked "whatever we wanted with 'un then?" We told her for ornament. At this she burst into a ringing peal of laughter, and catching sight of a broad-shouldered young man coming from the farm buildings, jumped up, regardless of the pan or the apples, and ran to him crying out, "Oh, Ezra, here's some city folks wantin' to buy gret-gran'ma Cummings's wheel, and take it to Bostin', and put it up in their best parlor and make believe as how 'twas their gret-gret-gran'ma's and that they can spin on it!" Amidst this tirade we hurried away indignant and amused; at the bend of the road we could see "Ezra" and the girl still laughing and enjoying our discomfiture.

Thus it was at every house wherever they could claim a "wheel;" no matter how poor or how well-to-do, how old or how young, no one would part with their ancestral wheel. It was a fetish before which they worshipped, and in whose good and evil luck they implicitly believed. It was many a long hour before we found any one willing to sell their "wheel," and when at last the bargain was completed, it was with the stipulation that we should carry it away out of its old home with our own hands. "I couldn't do it," the woman said, "no, nor brother

Bill neither. 'Twouldn't be lucky for us, and, besides, the neighbors they'd talk so. It's a come-down to part with it anyhow, but I ain't called on to carry it away myself." We removed the "wheel" then and there on to our buckboard, the woman shutting herself within the house and refusing to even look on.

These are but a few examples of the curious pride and prejudice that governs the New Hampshire native. Whatever is old is good in their eyes, and whatever savors of reverence is sacred to them. Family ties are extremely strong, and death does not loosen them; they hold by the things of the past, and, though present want may stand sentinel with black care at their hearths, they will not flinch, nor part with what to them is an emblem of the old family life and family religion. How true and courageous and upright are their characters, how scornful and how intolerant of "shams" and "make believes," let those who dwell among them tell; to us their very peculiarities, their very weaknesses, their old traditions and treasured legends, rendered them all the more interesting, knowing as we did how many of their characteristics had their birth in the old loyalty and love for the mother country; a loyalty and a love that it was hard to sever, and that, all unknowingly, was treasured and fostered by "old wives' tales" and fireside legends of other days. The *Spinnstube* may not hold so romantic a position in the present of New England, but the past wraps about the old "wheel" a pathetic element of love and veneration.

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